NO. 2 WINTER

ANIMAL FABLES

M-DIS

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

10¢ IN FULL COLOR

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FIREFLY	14	21	28	
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IN THIS ISSUE:—

The Fable of
The Fox and the Grapes

The Fable of
The Lion and the Mouse

IN NEXT ISSUE:—

The Fable of
The Frog and the Ox

The Fable of
The Sun and the Wind

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FREDDY The FIREFLY

YOU HALF-BAKED ROMEO! I'LL COOL YOU OFF!

MYRTLE! STOP! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

FREDDY The FIREFLY

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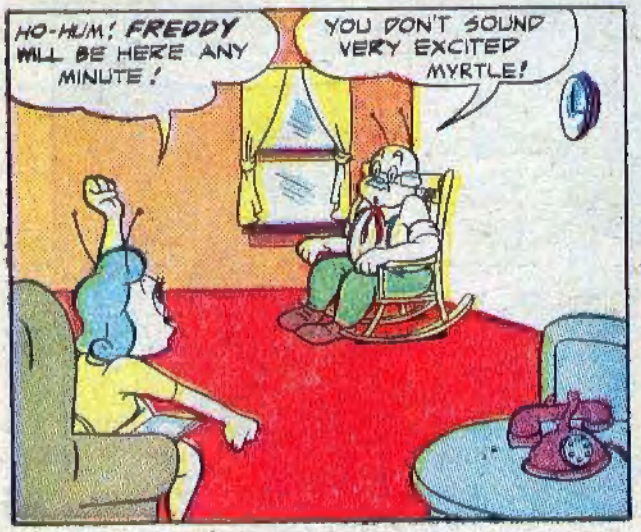
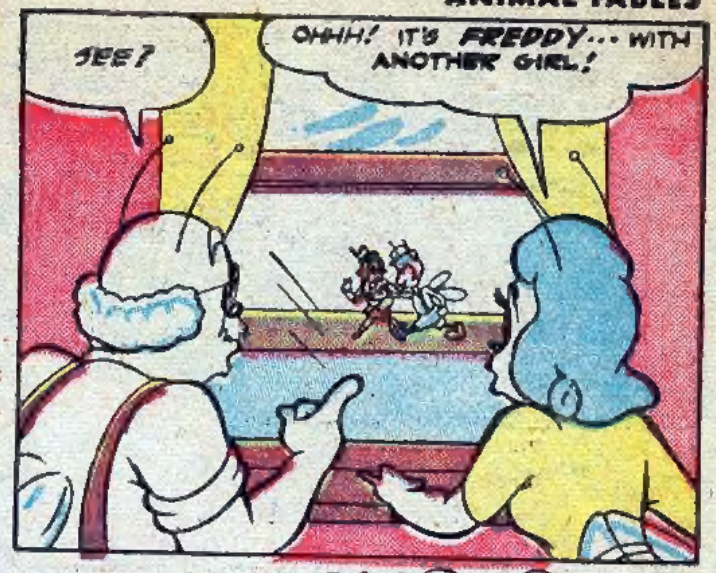
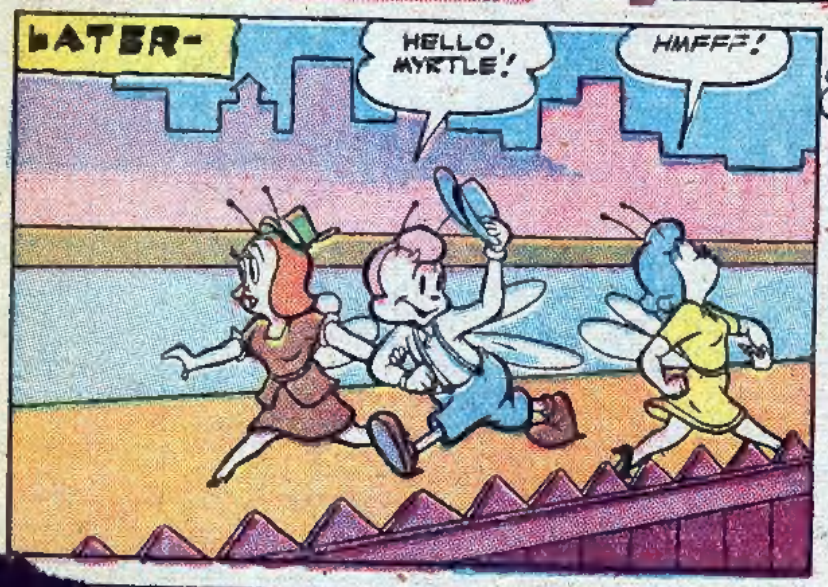


HMMM! MAYBE YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO SURE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?


SEE?
OHHH! IT'S FREDDY... WITH ANOTHER GIRL!

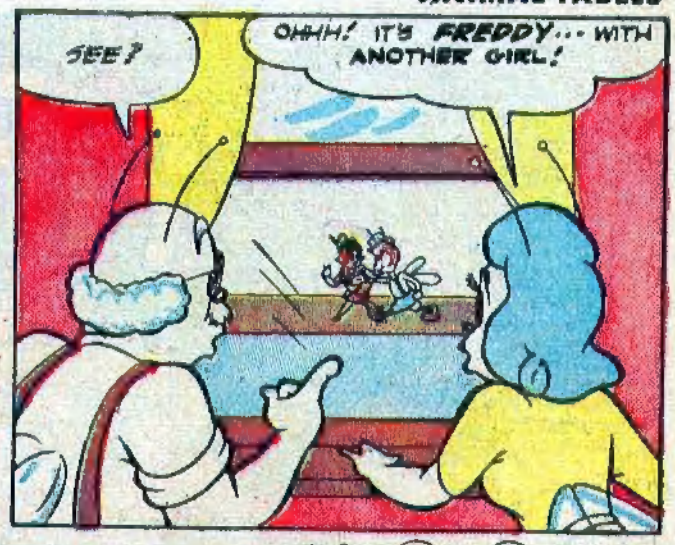

LATER-
HELLO, MYRTLE!
HMFFF!

WHAT IN THE WORLD'S THE MATTER WITH HER?

R, FREDDY'S
T BOY
CT!
POOR MYRTLE! THE WOMAN IS ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW!
MYRTLE'S SO HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HIM TOO!
HMFF! SO THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!

OH-ER.... HELLO, MYRTLE!
HELLO!

HMMM! MAYBE YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO SURE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?


SEE?
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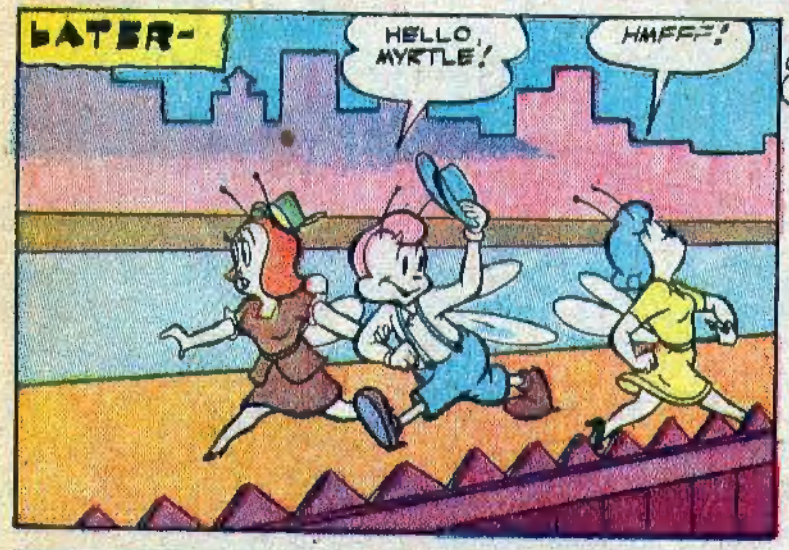

LATER-
HELLO, MYRTLE!
HMFF?!

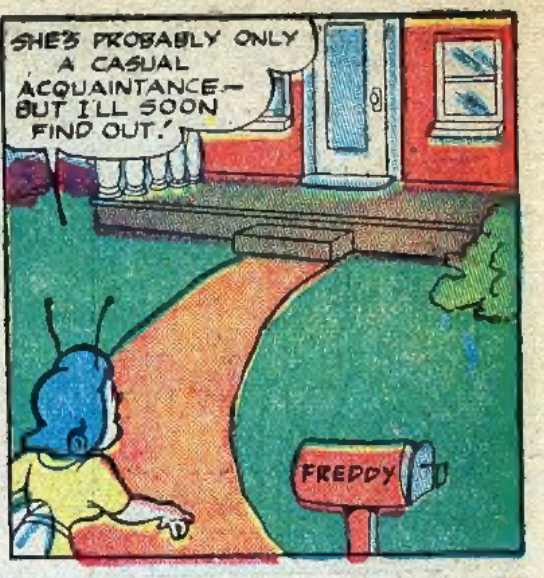
WHAT IN THE WORLD'S THE MATTER WITH HER?

MY DEAR, FREDDY'S THE LAST BOY I'D SUSPECT!
POOR MYRTLE! THE WOMAN IS ALWAYS THE LAST TO KNOW!
BOOK STORE

MYRTLE'S SO HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HIM TOO!
HMFF! SO THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!

OH-ER.... HELLO, MYRTLE!
HELLO!

THAT SETTLES IT... I'LL SEE FREDDY RIGHT AWAY! HE CAN EXPLAIN JUST WHAT THIS GIRL MEANS TO HIM --- OR ELSE!


SHE'S PROBABLY ONLY A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE— BUT I'LL SOON FIND OUT!
FREDDY

OH! IT'S FREDDY WITH THAT OTHER GIRL AGAIN!

THEN I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT NEAR THE WAREHOUSE ON 4TH AND MAIN STREETS!
OKAY! IT MAY BE A LONG WAIT, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT!

LATER, THAT EVENING...
WHAT'S THAT, FREDDY? OH, YOU CAN'T SEE ME TONIGHT! I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY! GOODBYE!

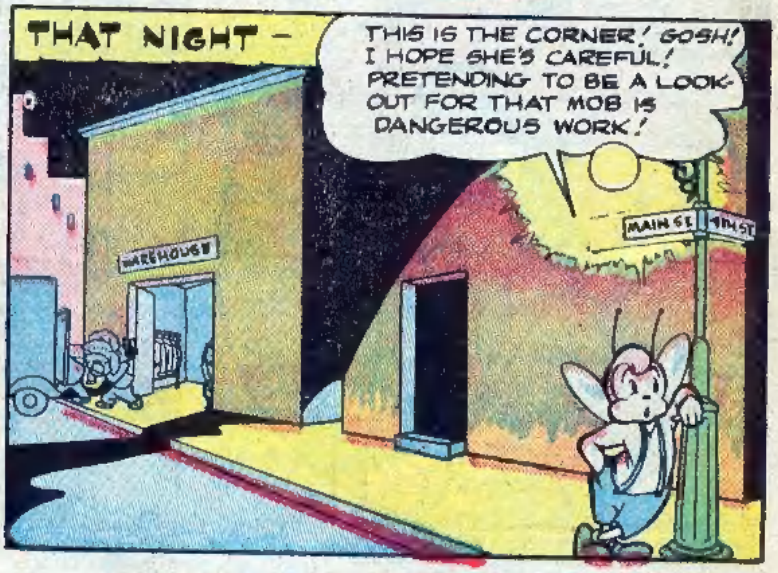
WE NEVER MISSED A SATURDAY NIGHT DATE BEFORE! BUT I DON'T CARE! I'LL BUY MYSELF A SODA AT JENKINS DRUG STORE - JUST AS WE USED TO DO!
SLAM

BUT (SOB) IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT FREDDY! (SOB)

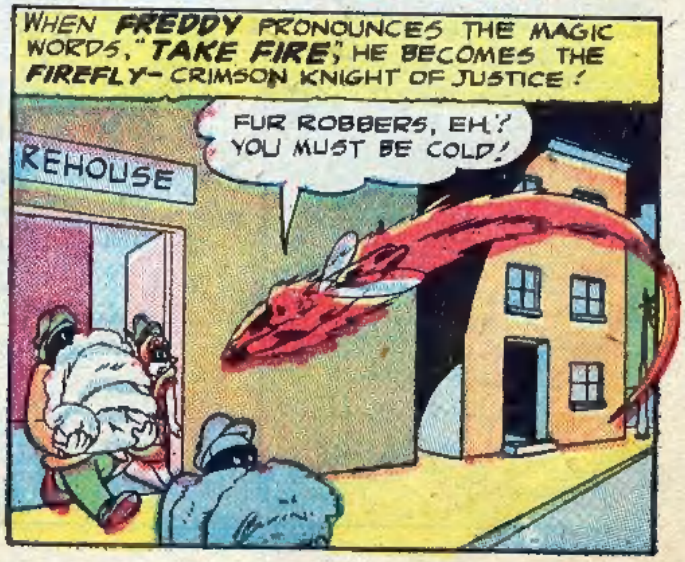
THESE LOVELY LETTERS HE WROTE TO ME! HE DIDN'T MEAN A WORD!

I'VE NO RIGHT TO THEM NOW! I'LL TEAR THEM UP AND THROW THE PIECES AWAY! I'LL NEVER LOOK AT THEM AGAIN! SOB!

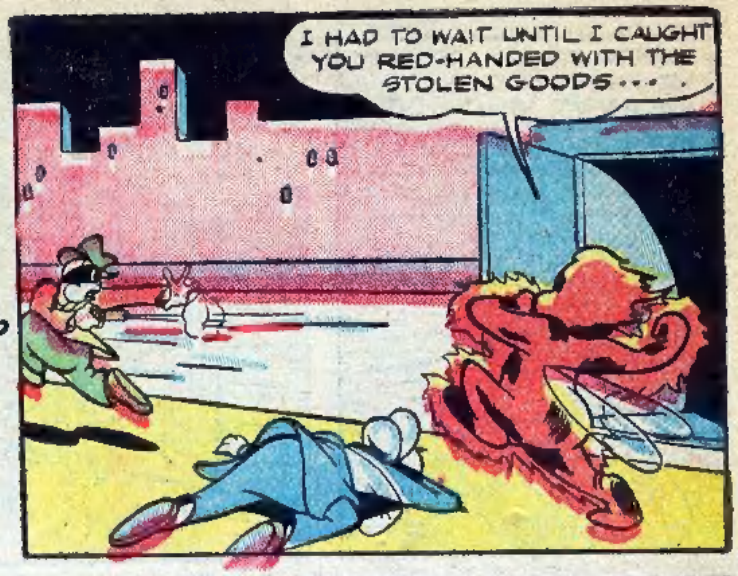
B-BUT, A GIRL HAS A RIGHT TO CHANGE HER MIND! I'LL JUST SAVE THE PIECES TO REMEMBER HIM BY...


THAT NIGHT –
THIS IS THE CORNER! GOSH! I HOPE SHE'S CAREFUL! PRETENDING TO BE A LOOK-OUT FOR THAT MOB IS DANGEROUS WORK!
WAREHOUSE
MAIN ST
4TH ST

OH-OH! THERE THEY ARE! SHE IS SIGNALING ME! IT'S TIME FOR ACTION AT LAST— TAKE FIRE!


WHEN FREDDY PRONOUNCES THE MAGIC WORDS, "TAKE FIRE", HE BECOMES THE FIREFLY– CRIMSON KNIGHT OF JUSTICE!
FUR ROBBERS, EH? YOU MUST BE COLD!
REHOUSE

SO I'LL WARM YOU UP!
EEEOW!
SOCK

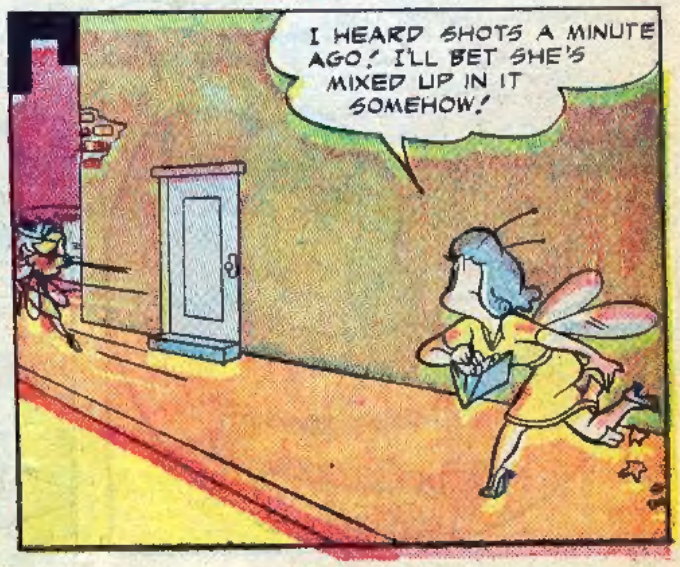

I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL I CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED WITH THE STOLEN GOODS...

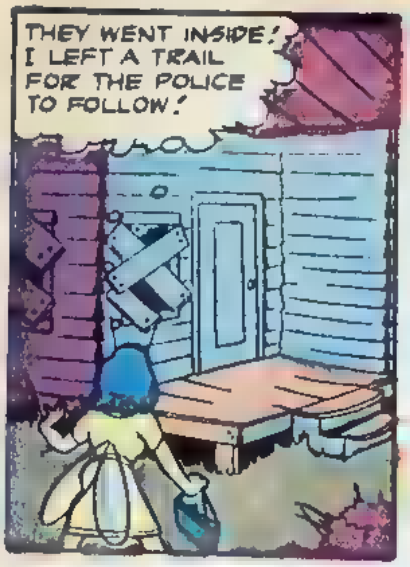
...BUT NOW I'M THROUGH WAITING!
OOOF!

WE'LL ESCAPE WHILE FIREFLY IS BUSY WITH THE OTHERS! YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THIS GANG, SO I'VE GOTTA PROTECT YOU!

HURRY UP! BLAST IT— WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET A GIRL JOIN OUR MOB!
JENKIN'S

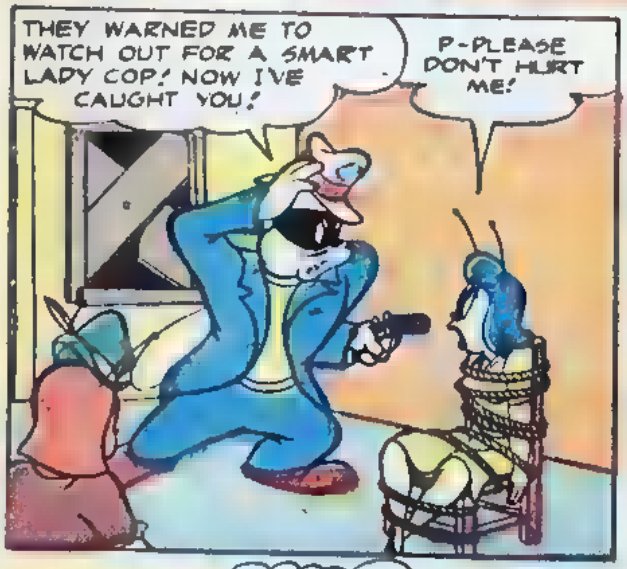
MEANWHILE--AS MYRTLE MOTH IS PASSING NEARBY--
GOODNESS, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE GIRL I SAW WITH FREDDY!
JENKINS DRUGS

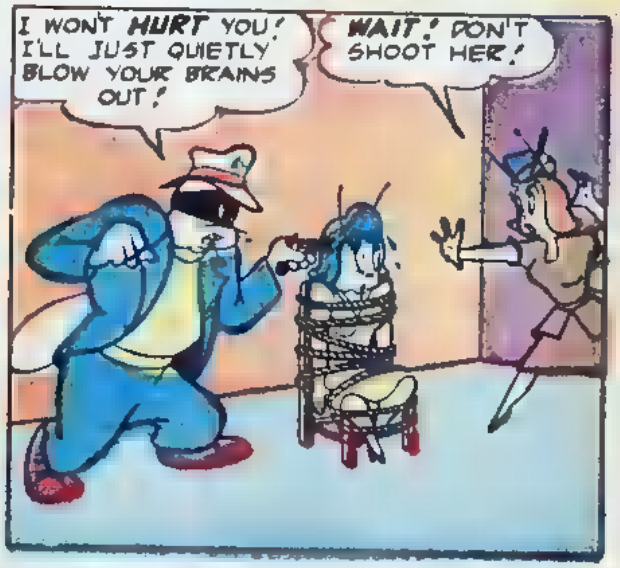

I HEARD SHOTS A MINUTE AGO! I'LL BET SHE'S MIXED UP IN IT SOMEHOW!

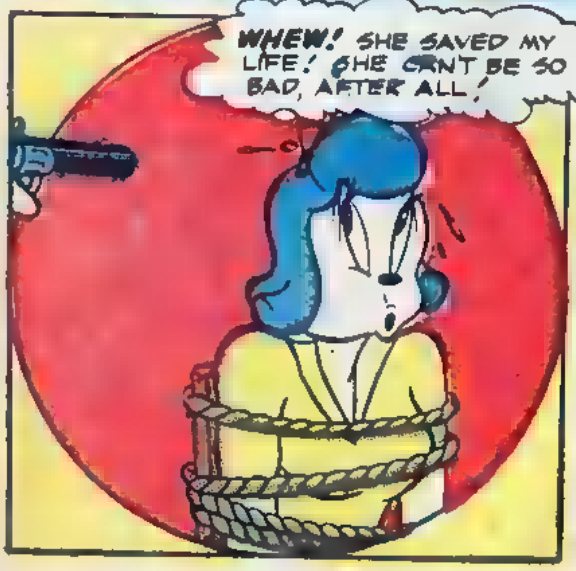

THEY WENT INSIDE! I LEFT A TRAIL FOR THE POLICE TO FOLLOW!

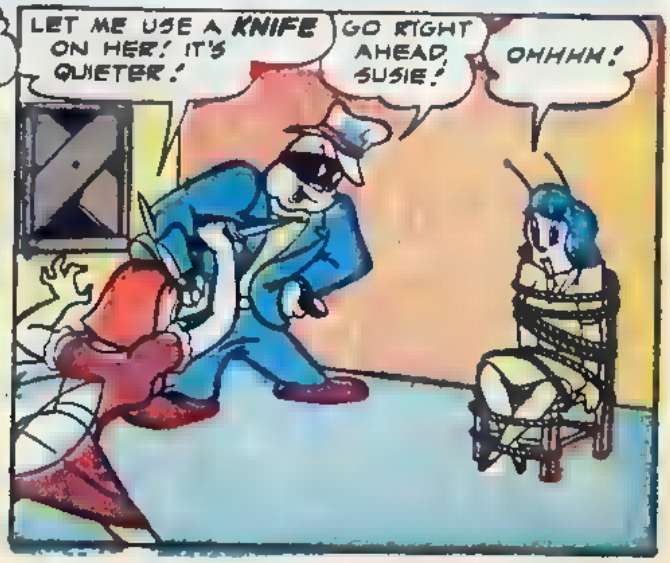
I'LL PEEK IN...
A SNOOPER EH?

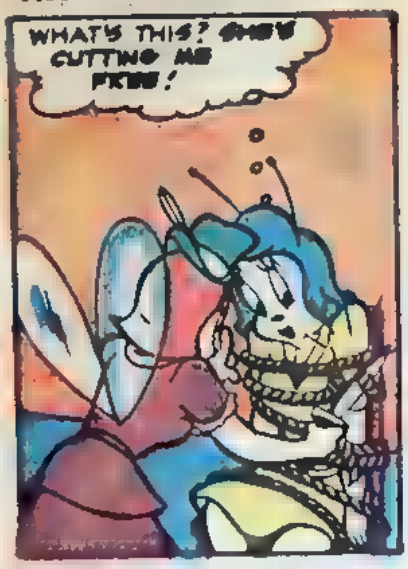
DON'T BE BASHFUL! COME RIGHT IN! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
MYRTLE IS SWIFTLY TIED UP, AND...


THEY WARNED ME TO WATCH OUT FOR A SMART LADY COP! NOW I'VE CAUGHT YOU!
P-PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!


I WON'T HURT YOU! I'LL JUST QUIETLY BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
WAIT! DON'T SHOOT HER!

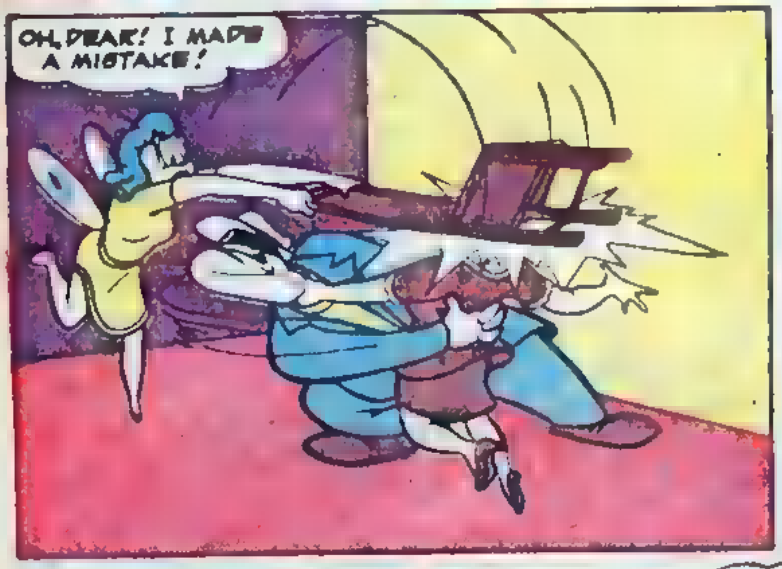

WHEW! SHE SAVED MY LIFE! SHE CAN'T BE SO BAD, AFTER ALL!


LET ME USE A KNIFE ON HER! IT'S QUIETER!
GO RIGHT AHEAD, SUSIE!
OHHHH!

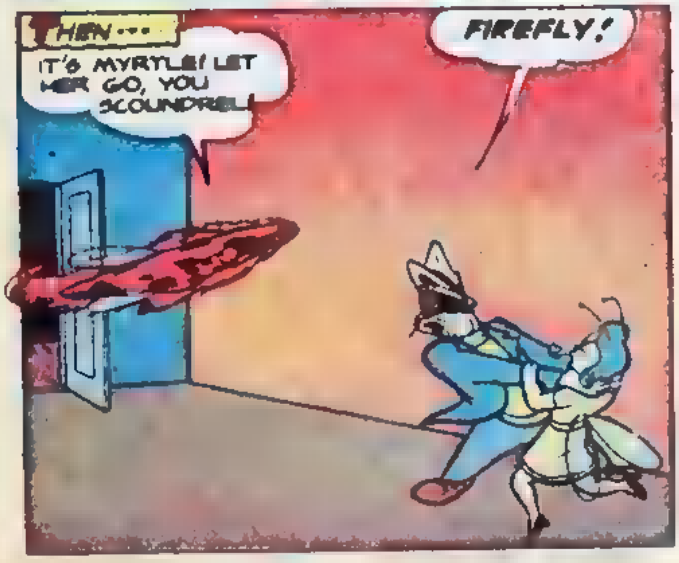

WHAT'S THIS? SHE'S CUTTING ME FREE!

ALL RIGHT! LET'S GRAB HIM!
WHAT?

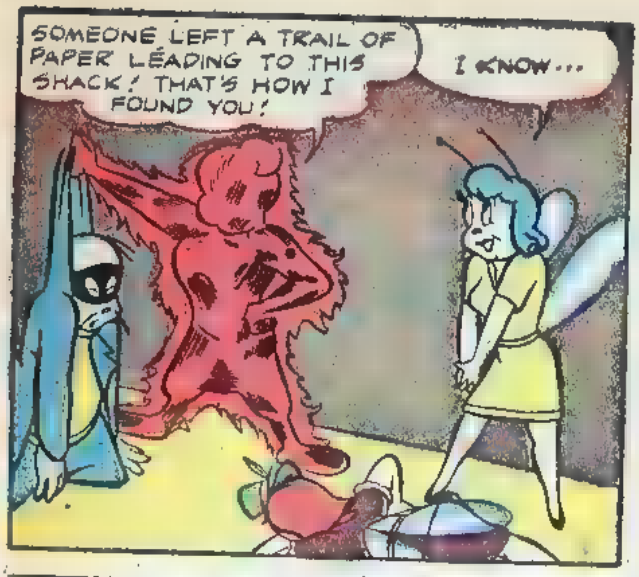
SO YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME, EH?
GASP!

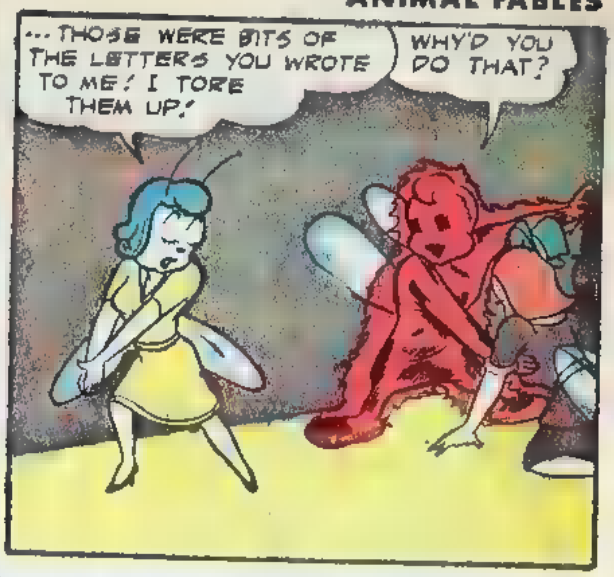

OH, DEAR! I MADE A MISTAKE!

I'LL SAY YOU DID! A FATAL MISTAKE!
Y-YOU'RE CHOKING ME!


THEN ...
IT'S MYRTLE! LET HER GO, YOU SCOUNDREL!
FIREFLY!

I FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!
UGHHH!
POW

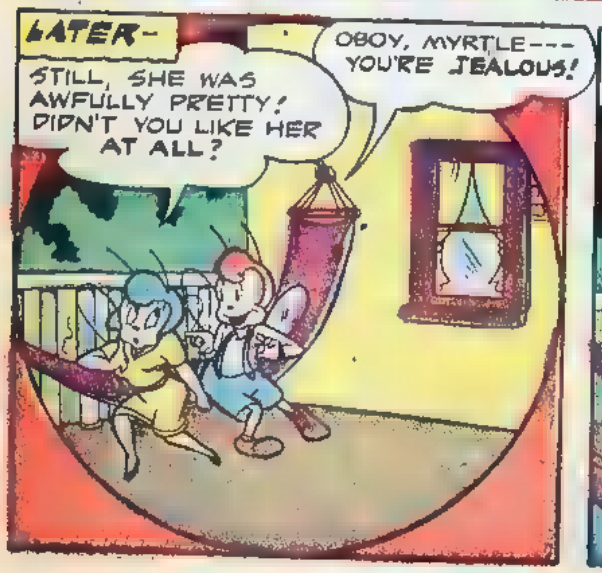

SOMEONE LEFT A TRAIL OF PAPER LEADING TO THIS SHACK! THAT'S HOW I FOUND YOU!
I KNOW...

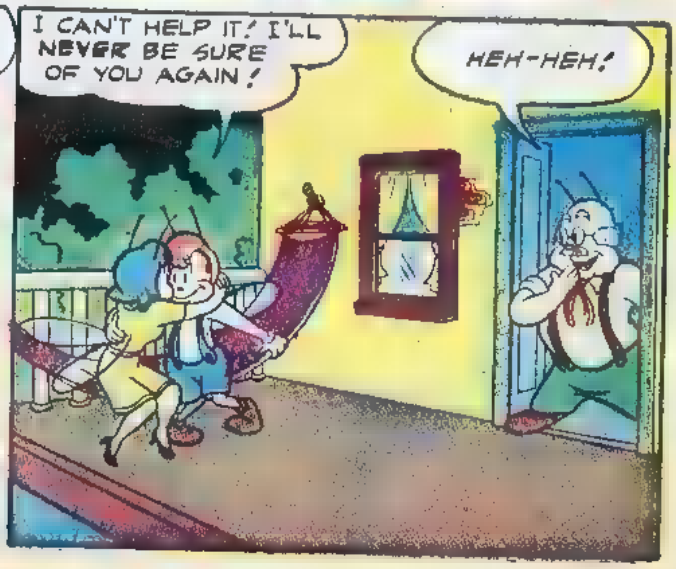

...THOSE WERE BITS OF THE LETTERS YOU WROTE TO ME! I TORE THEM UP!
WHY'D YOU DO THAT?

YOU KNOW WHY! BECAUSE YOU LIKE HER BETTER THAN ME!
WELL, SUSAN IS A FINE BRAVE GIRL...

BUT SO ARE MOST POLICEWOMEN!
P-P-P POLICE-WOMAN?

I WAS ASSIGNED TO CATCH THESE WARE-HOUSE CROOKS! I ASKED FIREFLY TO HELP ME! BUT MY IDENTITY HAD TO BE KEPT SECRET!
OHH! I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL!

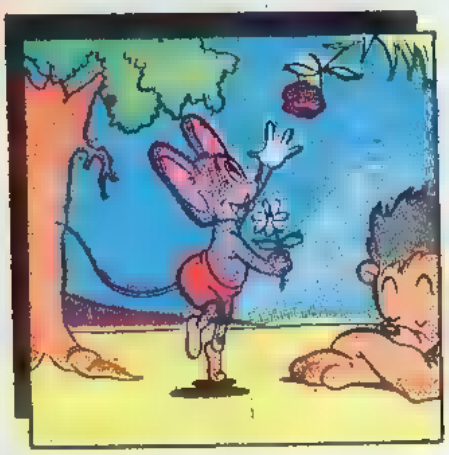

LATER-
STILL, SHE WAS AWFULLY PRETTY! DIDN'T YOU LIKE HER AT ALL?
OBOY, MYRTLE--- YOU'RE JEALOUS!


I CAN'T HELP IT! I'LL NEVER BE SURE OF YOU AGAIN!
HEH-HEH!

THE LION and the MOUSE

a modern version of the famous Aesop Fable

The mouse was skipping happily through the woods. The reason the mouse was happy was because there wasn't any reason for him to be sad.

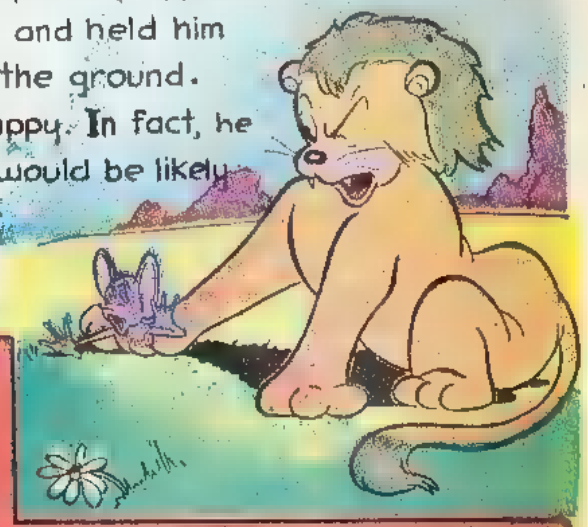


Can you think of a better reason for him to be happy?

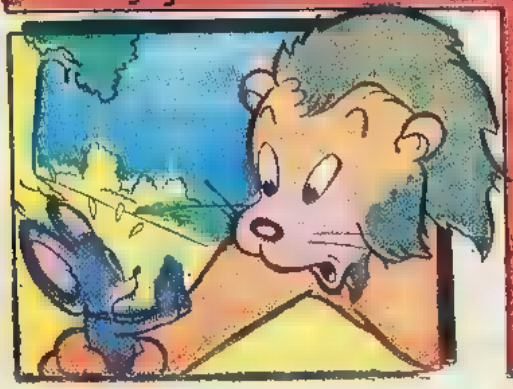
The mouse tripped over a sleeping lion's paw.

Things happened fast after that. The lion woke up and clapped down his paw on the mouse and held him tightly against the ground.

The mouse suddenly ceased to be happy. In fact, he was about the saddest mouse you would be likely to find. He knew the lion was going to eat him. ***And he wasn't even on the menu.***



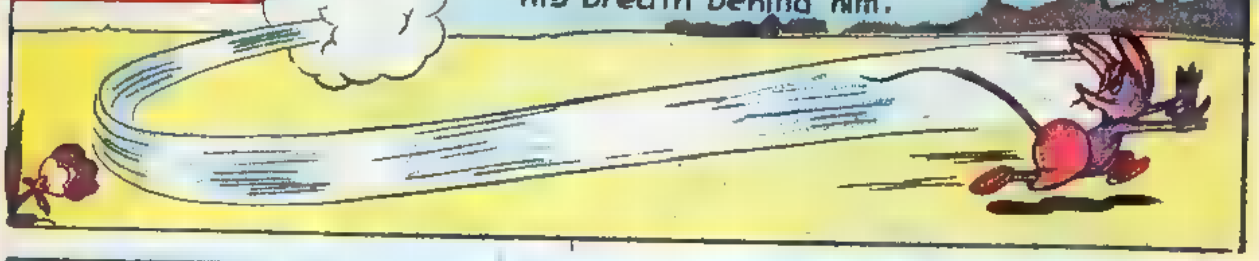
"Please spare my life", the mouse pleaded. "Someday I may be able to repay you."



The lion roared with laughter at the mere thought that such an insignificant creature as the mouse could ever perform any service for the ***King of the forest.***

"I'll let you go", he said. "Luckily for you, I'm not very hungry at the moment. Now *run*... before I change my mind!"

The mouse needed no urging. He scampered away so fast he almost left his breath behind him.



The next day the lion was strolling through the forest when he let out a sudden yelp of pain. He was caught in a hunter's trap!

Though the lion struggled with might and main, he could not free himself. The ropes held him fast.

Soon the hunters would return to kill him.

But the mouse heard his cry of pain. Nibbling with his sharp little teeth at the knot in the rope, he set the lion free.

"Thank you", said the lion. "You saved me from the hunters."

"If you had not spared me yesterday", the mouse replied, "I would not have been alive to help you today. Your own kindness has repaid you."

The moral of this fable is plain: ***Kindness is never thrown away.*** There is no creature so small or weak that we may not someday need his help.

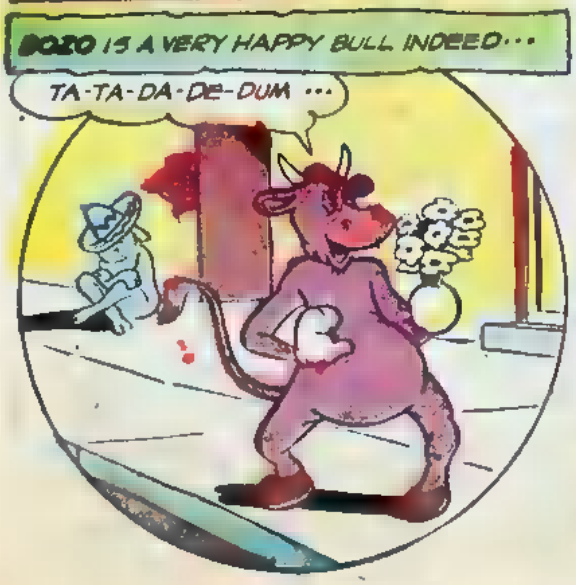
BOZO

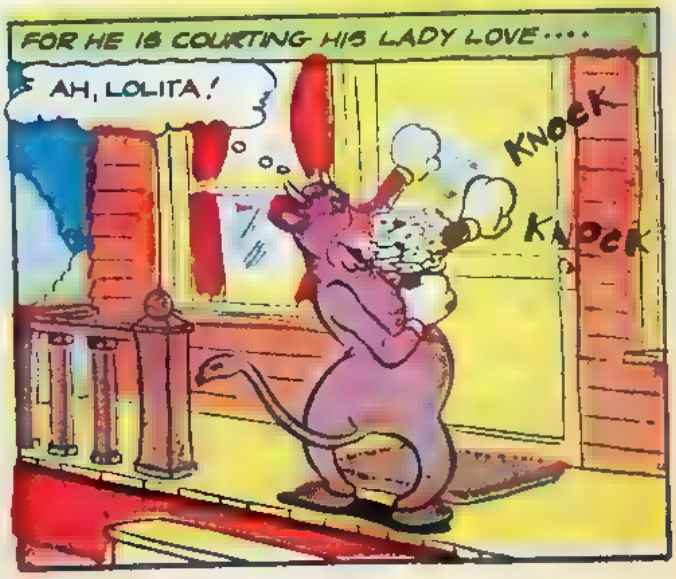
THE BOWLEGGED BULL —

EVER SINCE **BOZO** ACCIDENTALLY DEFEATED SALVADOR THE MATADOR, HE HAS BEEN A HERO IN **BULLTOWN!** NO ONE KNOWS THAT **BOZO** ACTUALLY IS TOO TIMID TO FIGHT ANYBODY!

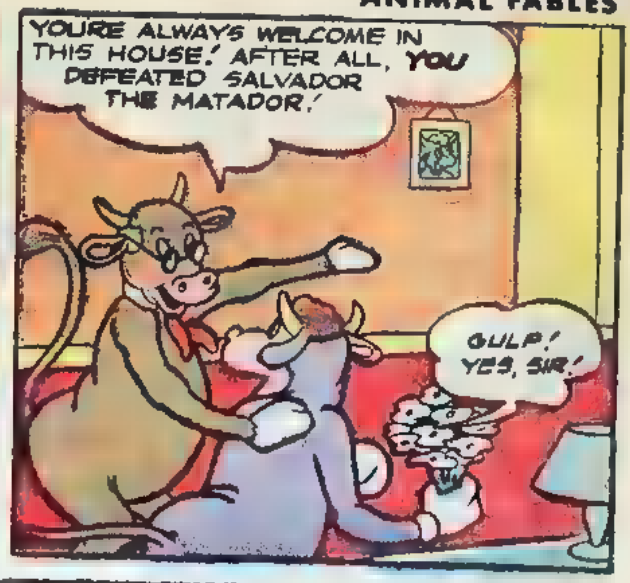
BUT A HERO CANNOT REST FOREVER ON HIS LAURELS, AS **BOZO** DISCOVERED WHEN HIS OWN REPUTATION AS A MIGHTY BULL COMPELLED HIM TO FACE UNUSUAL PERIL IN ---

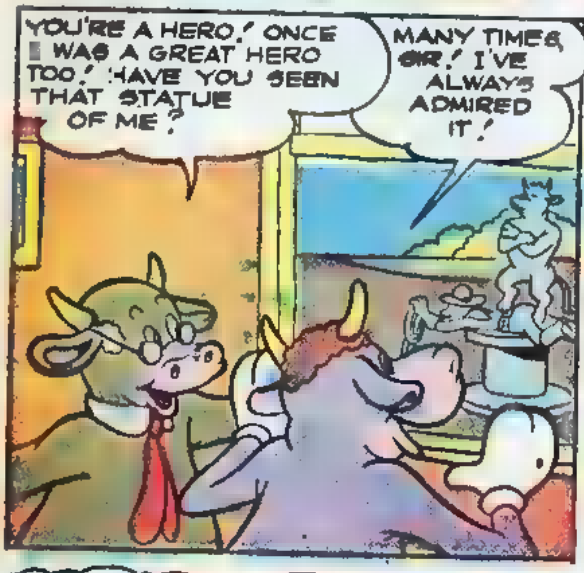
"BOZO GOES TO THE RODEO!"

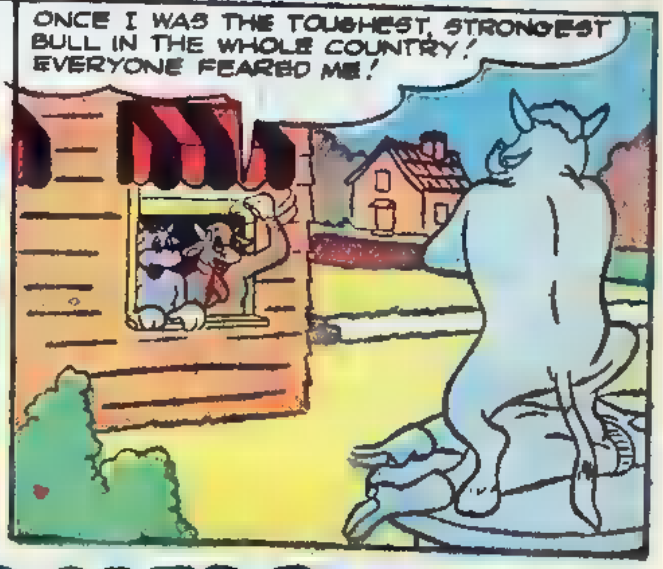


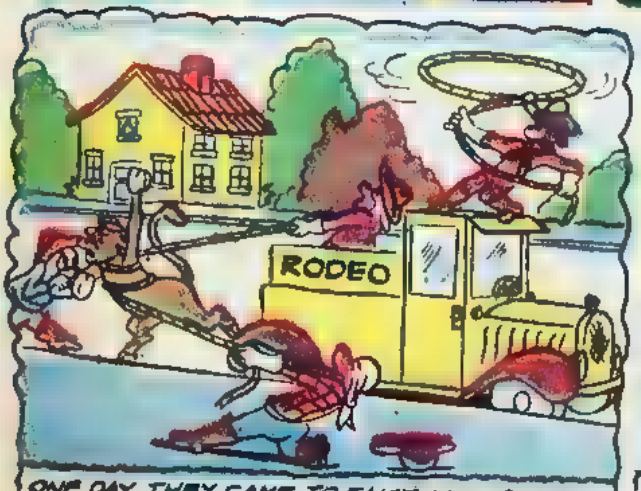


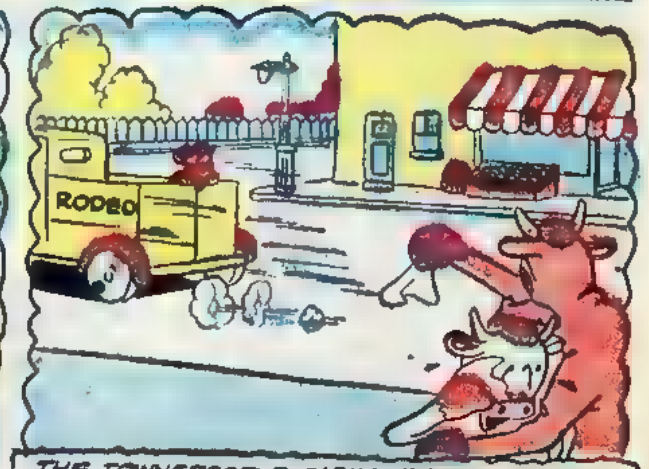
IS BOLITA HOME?
COME RIGHT IN, BOZO!

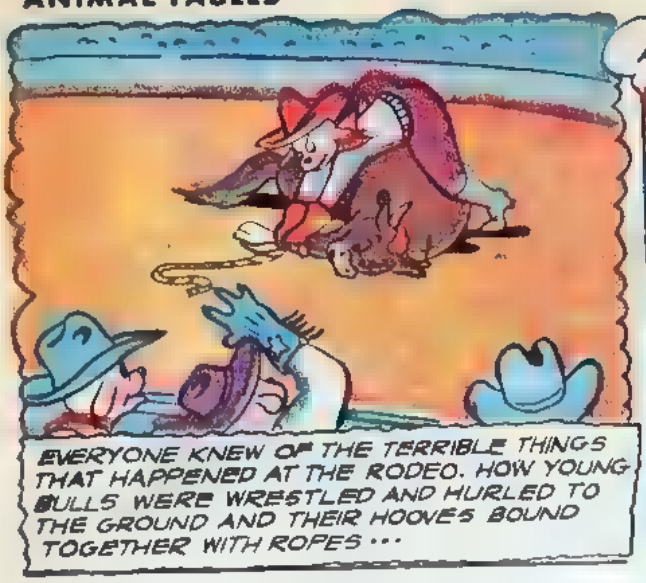

YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME IN THIS HOUSE! AFTER ALL, YOU DEFEATED SALVADOR THE MATADOR!
GULP! YES, SIR!

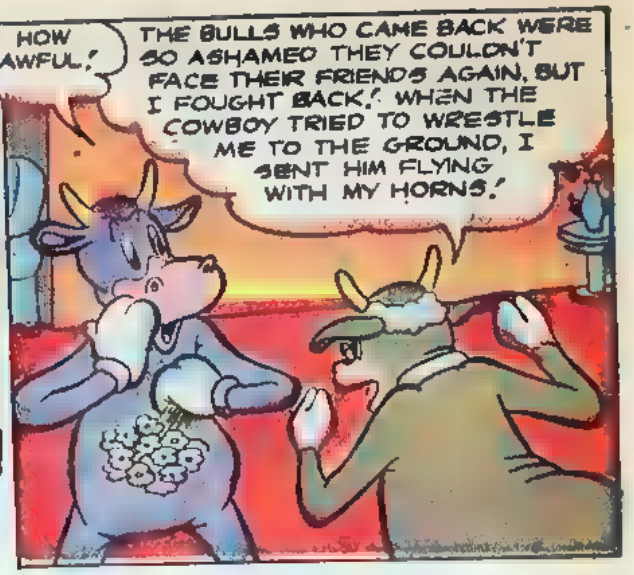

YOU'RE A HERO! ONCE I WAS A GREAT HERO TOO! HAVE YOU SEEN THAT STATUE OF ME?
MANY TIMES, SIR! I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRED IT!

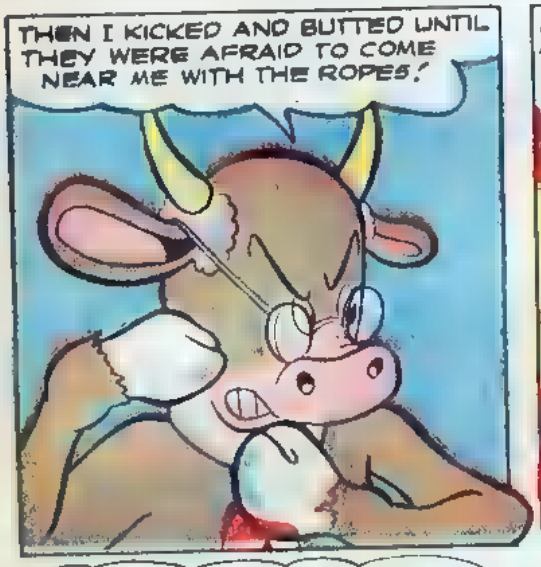

ONCE I WAS THE TOUGHEST, STRONGEST BULL IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY! EVERYONE FEARED ME!

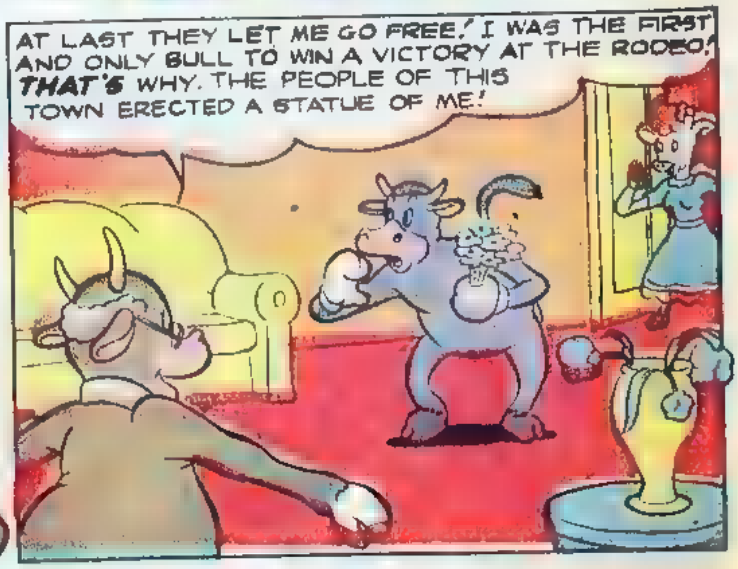

RODEO
ONE DAY THEY CAME TO TAKE ME TO THE RODEO. I FOUGHT THEM, BUT THEY WERE TOO MANY FOR ME---

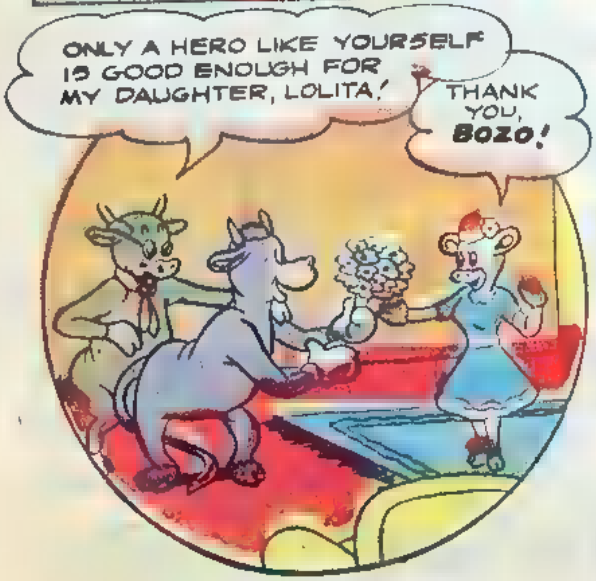

RODEO
THE TOWNSPEOPLE SADLY WATCHED ME BEING DRIVEN AWAY. MANY THE FINE, PROUD YOUNG BULLS THEY HAD SEEN COME BACK FROM THE RODEO BROKEN IN SPIRIT AND ASHAMED....

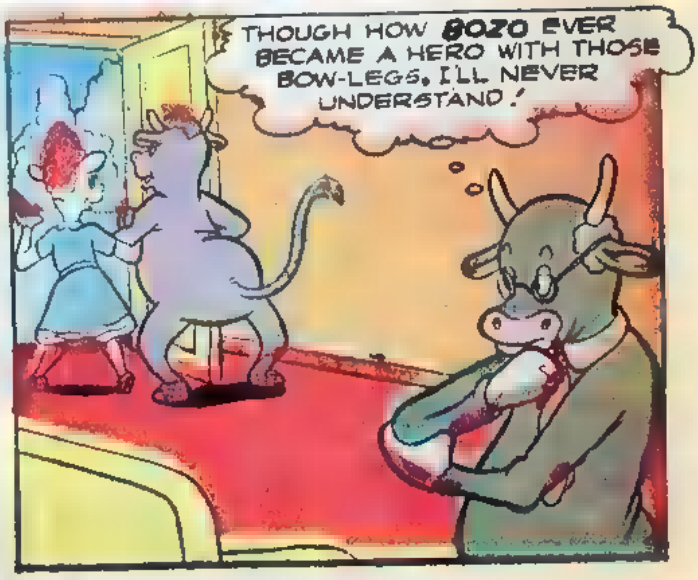

EVERYONE KNEW OF THE TERRIBLE THINGS THAT HAPPENED AT THE RODEO. HOW YOUNG BULLS WERE WRESTLED AND HURLED TO THE GROUND AND THEIR HOOVES BOUND TOGETHER WITH ROPES ...

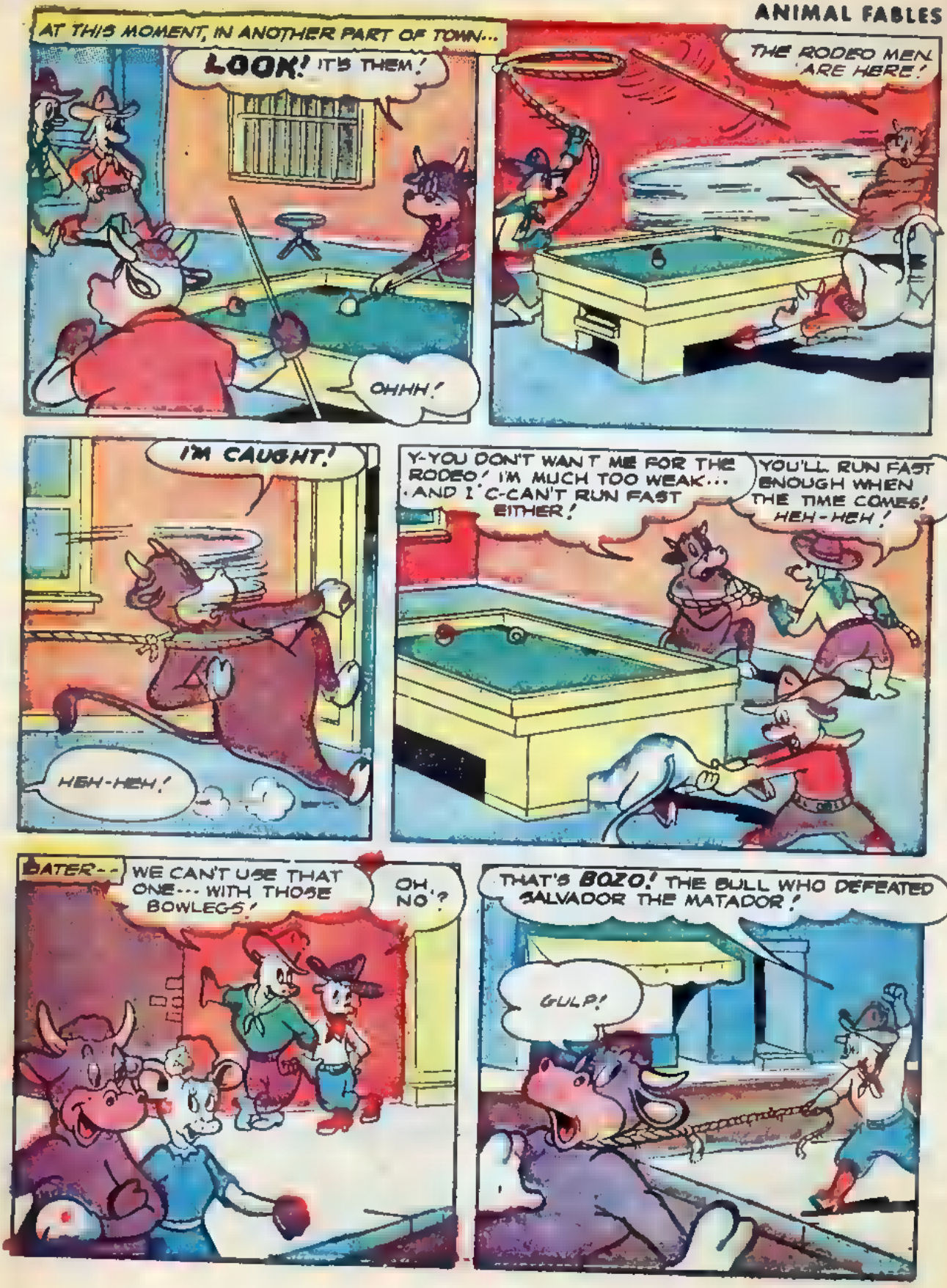

HOW AWFUL!
THE BULLS WHO CAME BACK WERE SO ASHAMED THEY COULDN'T FACE THEIR FRIENDS AGAIN, BUT I FOUGHT BACK! WHEN THE COWBOY TRIED TO WRESTLE ME TO THE GROUND, I SENT HIM FLYING WITH MY HORNS!

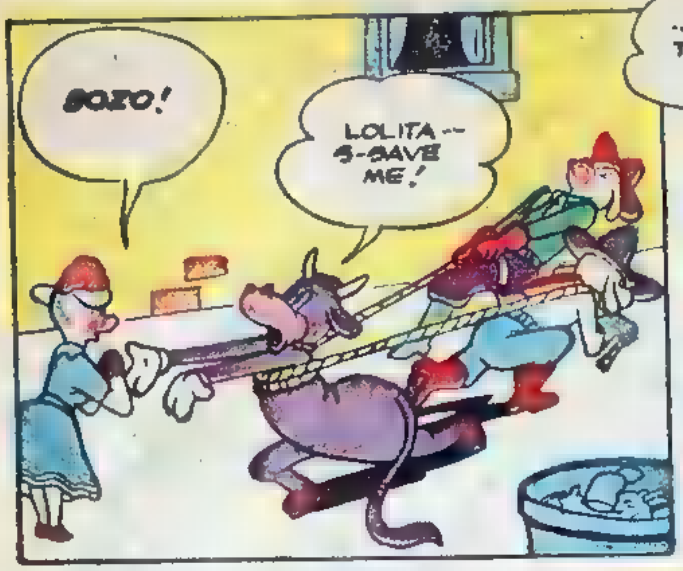

THEN I KICKED AND BUTTED UNTIL THEY WERE AFRAID TO COME NEAR ME WITH THE ROPES!

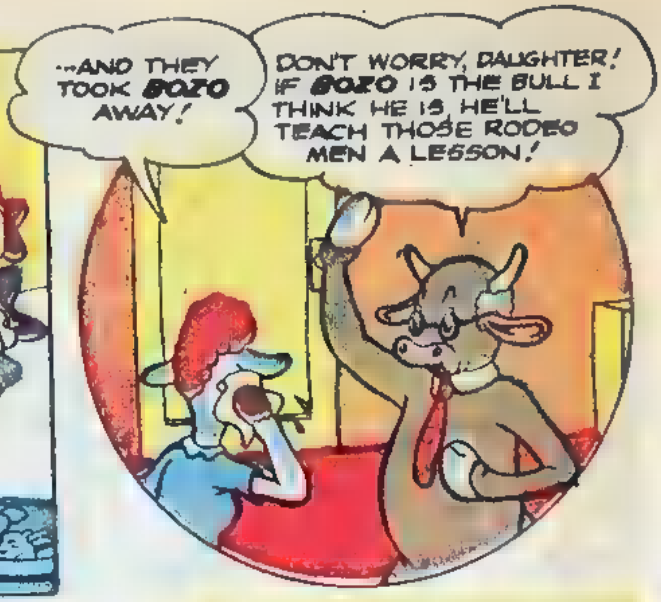

AT LAST THEY LET ME GO FREE! I WAS THE FIRST AND ONLY BULL TO WIN A VICTORY AT THE RODEO! THAT'S WHY. THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN ERECTED A STATUE OF ME!


ONLY A HERO LIKE YOURSELF IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY DAUGHTER, LOLITA!
THANK YOU, BOZO!

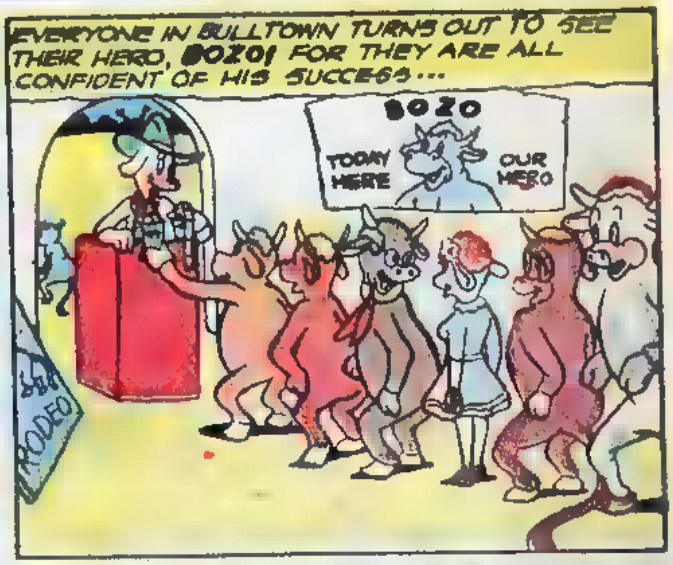

THOUGH HOW BOZO EVER BECAME A HERO WITH THOSE BOW-LEGS, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!

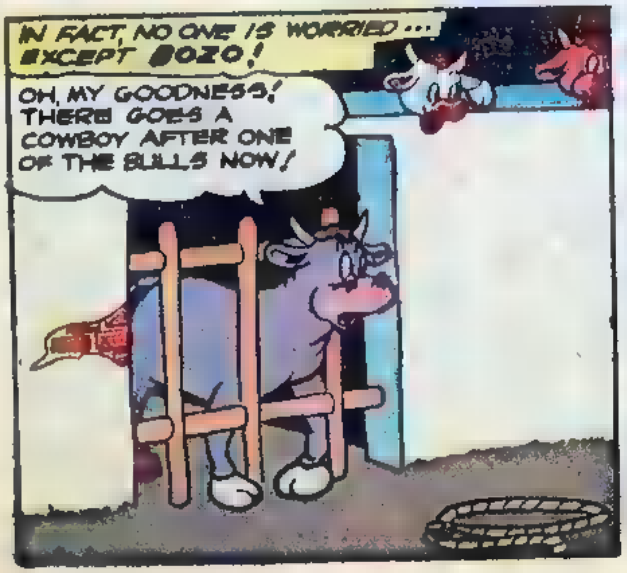

AT THIS MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...
LOOK! IT'S THEM!
OHHH!
THE RODEO MEN ARE HERE!
I'M CAUGHT!
HEH-HEH!
Y-YOU DON'T WANT ME FOR THE RODEO! I'M MUCH TOO WEAK... AND I C-CAN'T RUN FAST EITHER!
YOU'LL RUN FAST ENOUGH WHEN THE TIME COMES! HEH-HEH!
LATER--
WE CAN'T USE THAT ONE--- WITH THOSE BOWLEGS!
OH, NO!
THAT'S BOZO! THE BULL WHO DEFEATED SALVADOR THE MATADOR!
GULP!

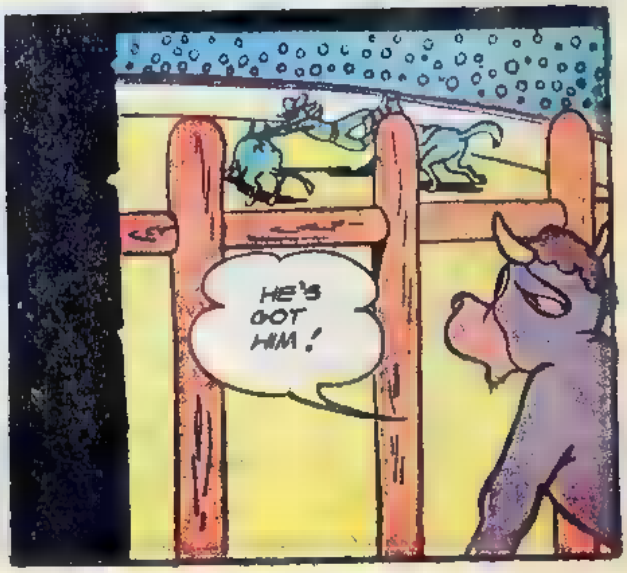

BOZO!
LOLITA -- S-SAVE ME!

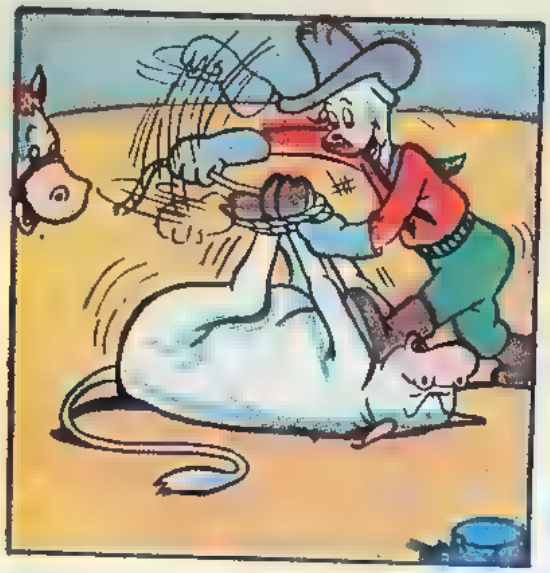

--AND THEY TOOK BOZO AWAY!
DON'T WORRY, DAUGHTER! IF BOZO IS THE BULL I THINK HE IS, HE'LL TEACH THOSE RODEO MEN A LESSON!

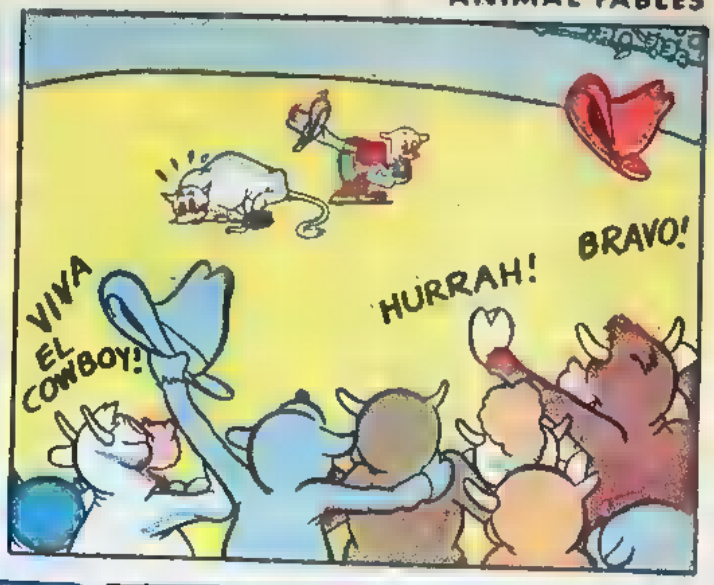
START PACKING! WE'RE GOING TO THE RODEO OURSELVES! THIS WILL BE A GREAT DAY FOR BOZO— AND WE DON'T WANT TO MISS IT!

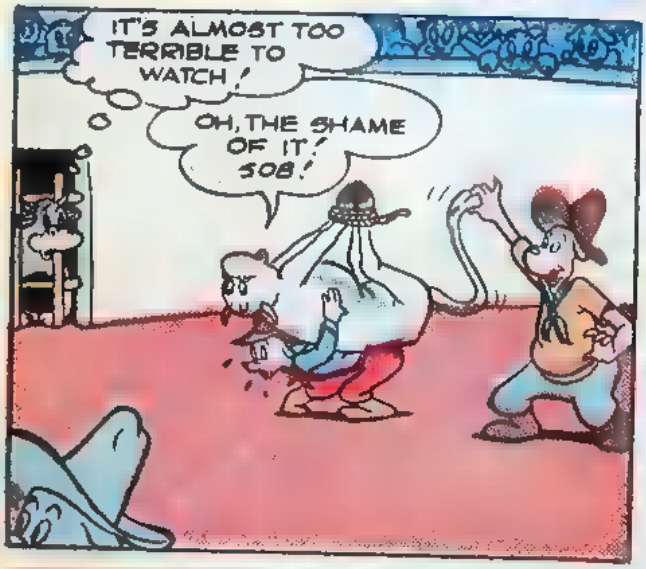

EVERYONE IN BULLTOWN TURNS OUT TO SEE THEIR HERO, BOZO! FOR THEY ARE ALL CONFIDENT OF HIS SUCCESS...
BOZO
TODAY HERE
OUR HERO
RODEO

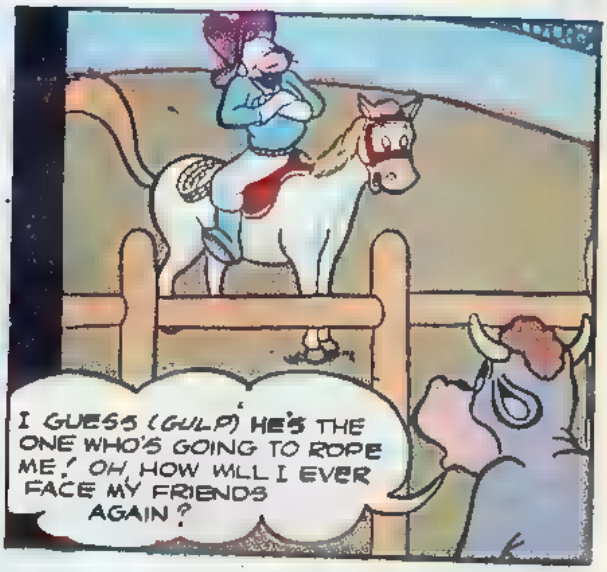

IN FACT, NO ONE IS WORRIED... EXCEPT BOZO!
OH, MY GOODNESS! THERE GOES A COWBOY AFTER ONE OF THE BULLS NOW!

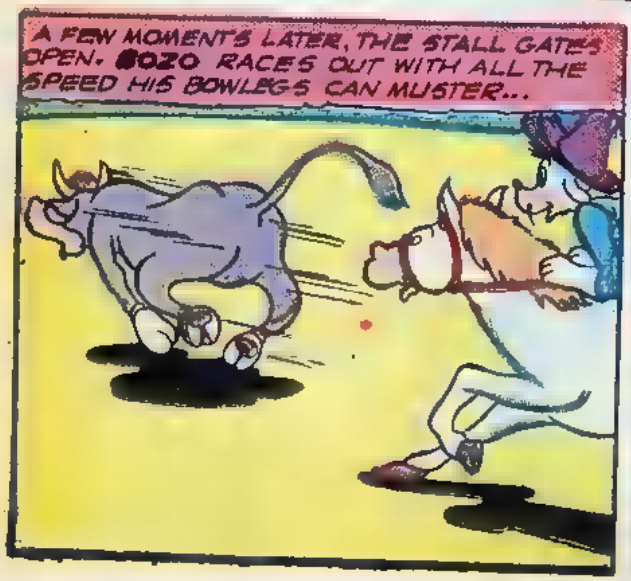

HE'S GOT HIM!



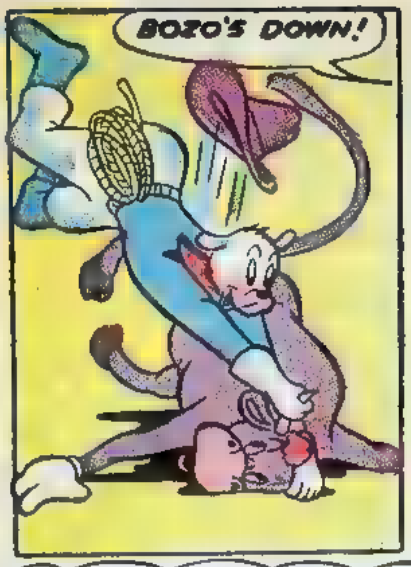

VIVA EL COWBOY!
HURRAH!
BRAVO!

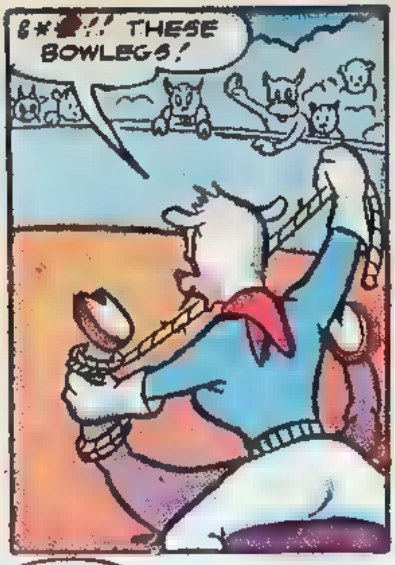

IT'S ALMOST TOO TERRIBLE TO WATCH!
OH, THE SHAME OF IT! SOB!

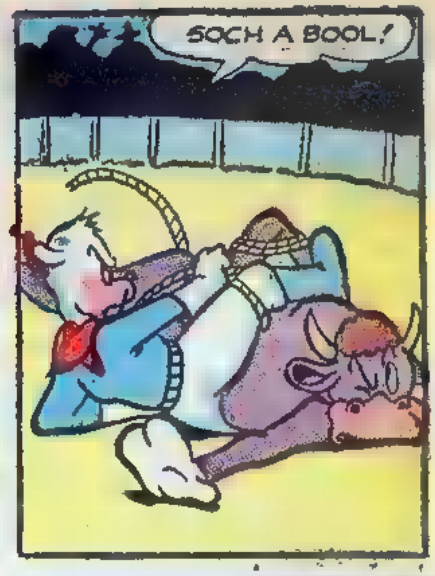

I GUESS (GULP) HE'S THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO ROPE ME! OH, HOW WILL I EVER FACE MY FRIENDS AGAIN?

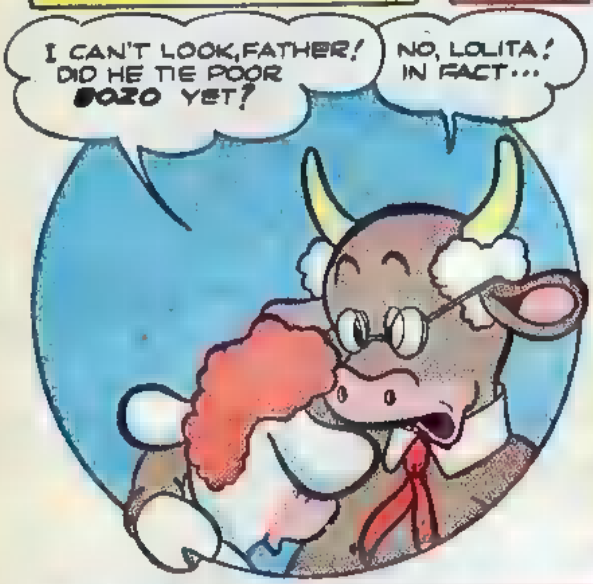

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE STALL GATES OPEN. BOZO RACES OUT WITH ALL THE SPEED HIS BOWLEGS CAN MUSTER...

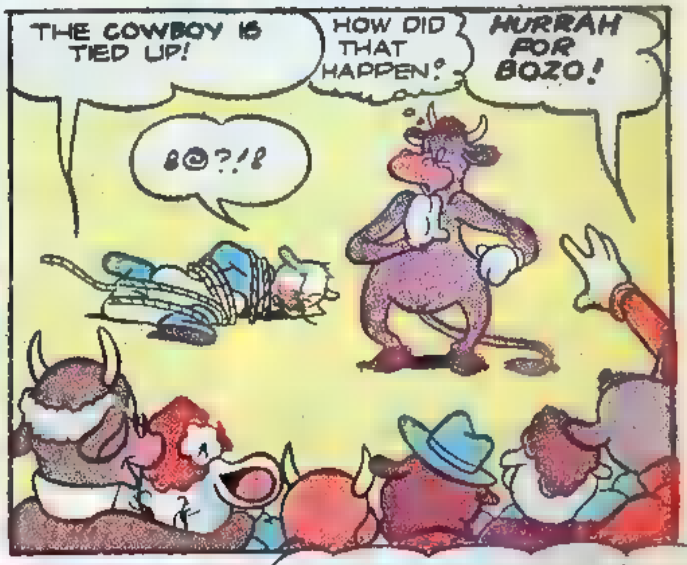
THE COWBOY IS GAINING ON HIM, FATHER!
NEVER FEAR! BOZO WILL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HIM!

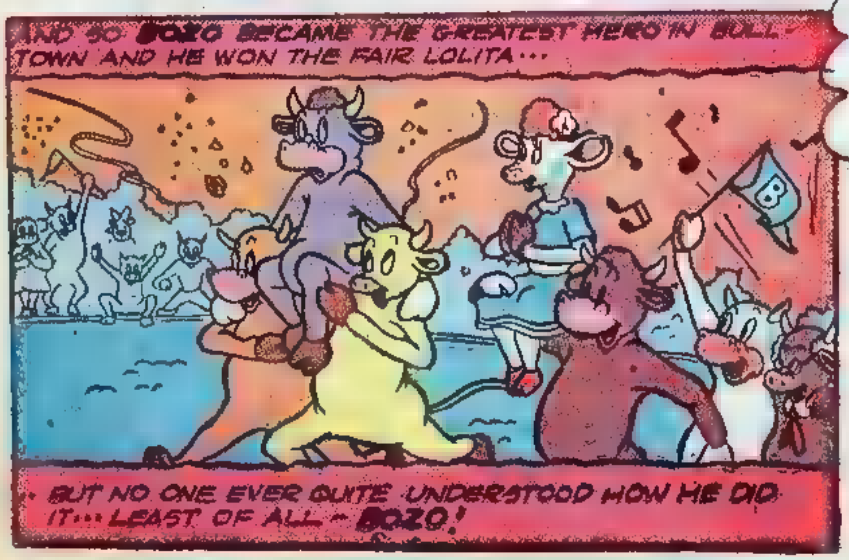

BOZO'S DOWN!

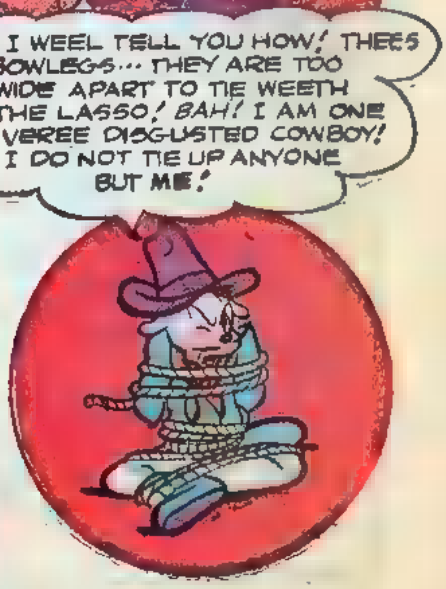

&*@!! THESE BOWLEGS!


SOCH A BOOL!


I CAN'T LOOK, FATHER! DID HE TIE POOR BOZO YET?
NO, LOLITA! IN FACT...


THE COWBOY IS TIED UP!
HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?
HURRAH FOR BOZO!
&@?!&


AND SO BOZO BECAME THE GREATEST HERO IN BULL-TOWN AND HE WON THE FAIR LOLITA...
BUT NO ONE EVER QUITE UNDERSTOOD HOW HE DID IT... LEAST OF ALL — BOZO!


I WEEL TELL YOU HOW! THEES BOWLEGS... THEY ARE TOO WIDE APART TO TIE WEETH THE LASSO! BAH! I AM ONE VEREE DISGUSTED COWBOY! I DO NOT TIE UP ANYONE BUT ME!

The FOX and the GRAPES

a modern version of the famous Aesop Fable

Once upon a time there was a hungry fox – in fact, he hadn't had anything to eat in almost a week and his ribs were sticking through his fur.
Brother, he was a **hungry** fox!

The fox squatted down on his haunches, underneath a luscious bunch of grapes hanging from a tall trellis.
He looked up at them out of one eye. Then he closed that eye, and looked up at them with the other.
Yes sir, those grapes were the **real** thing! The fox felt his mouth water. He bunched his muscles and jumped.
Now here is the sad fact – the grapes were **exactly** five feet off the ground. When the fox jumped, he went four feet, eleven inches into the air. Mind you, that isn't bad for a fox. But it wasn't high ***enough!***

So he jumped again. This time he didn't jump as high as before. The next jump was even worse.

The fox was getting tired, but he kept trying to reach those grapes until he was just **too** tired to try anymore.

At last the fox realized that it wasn't any use. Those grapes and he just weren't meant for each other. He drew himself up on his shaky legs, looked back at the grapes with a proud and haughty glance, and stalked away from the vineyard.

"After all, why should I bother?" he asked himself. "Those grapes are ***sour***."

And the moral of this story is:
When something we want is beyond our reach, we often **pretend** never to have wanted it.

PORKY POSSUM GOES A' HUNTING!

Porky Possum was hungry. For three days his mother had served nothing but fish for dinner. Porky was beginning to have a strong feeling of dislike for anything that lived under water. He wanted meat.

"Why can't we have a nice big steak?" he asked his mother.

"Because the butcher doesn't have any," his mother explained. "Besides, what's the matter with fish?"

"Roast beef?" Porky inquired hopefully.

"The butcher hasn't anything but fish. For tonight's dinner we're having a tasty filet of sole."

"Not even a lamb chop?" Porked asked, despairingly.

"One more word from you, Porky, and you'll go to bed without *any* dinner."

Porky groaned. With his tail dragging dejectedly, he went out the door.

The moment Porky stepped outside the door, he sniffed. There was an unfamiliar odor in the air. It came from the direction of Harpo Hip's house, across the way. Porky tiptoed over, and peeked in the window.

Harpo Hip and his family were just sitting down to a long table that sagged under the weight of several large, juicy ducks. The ducks were perfectly browned, and resting on large platters.

There was no doubt of it. The tempting odor that still teased Porky's nostrils came from those ducks.

"Psssst, Harpo." Porky signaled his friend.

Harpo excused himself, left the table, and came over to the window to talk to Porky.

"Where did you get those ducks?" Porky asked.

"We caught them ourselves. Dad and I went hunting for ducks this morning."

"Hunting!" Porky's mouth twisted in a leer. "Why didn't I think of that before? It's silly to depend on what the butcher has for sale, when you can catch anything you want to eat."

"It isn't always so easy," Harpo cautioned.

"Leave that to me," Porky said. "If *you* can catch duck, then *I* can catch duck. What'll I need besides a gun?"

"You'll need a dog for a retriever, to get the ducks out of the water when you shoot them down. And you'll need a decoy."

"What's a decoy?"

"A wooden model of a duck. You put it on the water to fool the real ducks. When the real ducks see it, they think everything is safe and come down within easy shooting range."

"Oh, boy, are they dumb!" Porky exclaimed. "This is gonna be fun!"

With a borrowed shotgun, a borrowed decoy duck, and a borrowed retriever dog, Porky went hunting. He had borrowed all his equipment from his trusting friend, Harpo.

Now Porky crouched in the tall grass bordering a pond where the decoy duck drifted aimlessly. The dog, whose name was Algy, scratched his ear with his hind paw. Then he sneezed violently.

"Quiet," Porky warned. "A fine retriever you are. Do you want to frighten away all the ducks?"

Algy looked up at him inquisitively, raising a large, flappy ear as though to hear what Porky was saying.

"Oh, I give up!" said Porky. "You're too stupid to understand!"

Algy barked agreeably. Then, as though pleased with the sound of his own voice, he ran around excitedly in circles, yapping all the while.

It was at this moment that Porky heard the honking of ducks overhead. Soon they came to rest on the surface of the pond. Porky lifted his shotgun and took careful aim. He pulled the trigger.

The recoil lifted Porky off the ground, and slammed him back again. There was a great belching roar from the shotgun. When Porky recovered and looked out, he saw a duck lying on its side exactly in the middle of the pond.

"I got him!" Porky yelled. "There's my duck dinner. Go get him, Algy!"

Algy leaped into the pond and swam out to the duck. In a minute, Porky saw him heading back with the duck grasped firmly between his teeth.

"Good old Algy," Porky thought. "What a retriever! And what a dinner I'm going to have tonight!"

Algy emerged, shivering, from the pond and dropped the duck at Porky's feet. Porky picked it up. There were five round black holes in the duck's side where the shotgun pellets had entered. There were even a few splinters sticking up around the holes.

"Wood!" exclaimed Porky. "I shot my own decoy duck!"

Algy barked happily.

After five fruitless hours of hunting, Porky started for home. After that first encounter, he had not seen another duck all day. Porky was discouraged.

"Filet of sole," he said to himself. "Phooey! How I hate fish!"

A wooden sign, with a printed warning, stood near the path leading to the pond. Porky had come through the grass, and hadn't seen the sign before.

It read: "Hunting Strictly Forbidden! Twenty-five Dollars' Fine, Or Five Days In Jail, For Anyone Found Shooting Ducks!"

Porky let out a deep breath. He wiped perspiration from his forehead. "Whe-ew!" he said. "It's lucky for me I *didn't* catch anything. I guess I must've come to the wrong pond."

Hurrying away, Porky didn't see the rock jutting up from the path at his feet. He tripped, and the gun slipped from his hands. The gun stock slammed the ground, and the gun went off. There was a flash of fire as the shotgun pellets hurtled into the air.

The next instant there was a plop! and a duck fell dead at Porky's feet.

"Golly," Porky said aloud, "he must have been flying overhead just when I . . ."

"Shooting ducks, eh?" a harsh voice interrupted. Glancing up, Porky saw the game warden staring at him with a meaningful look.

"But—but I . . . " Porky started to explain.

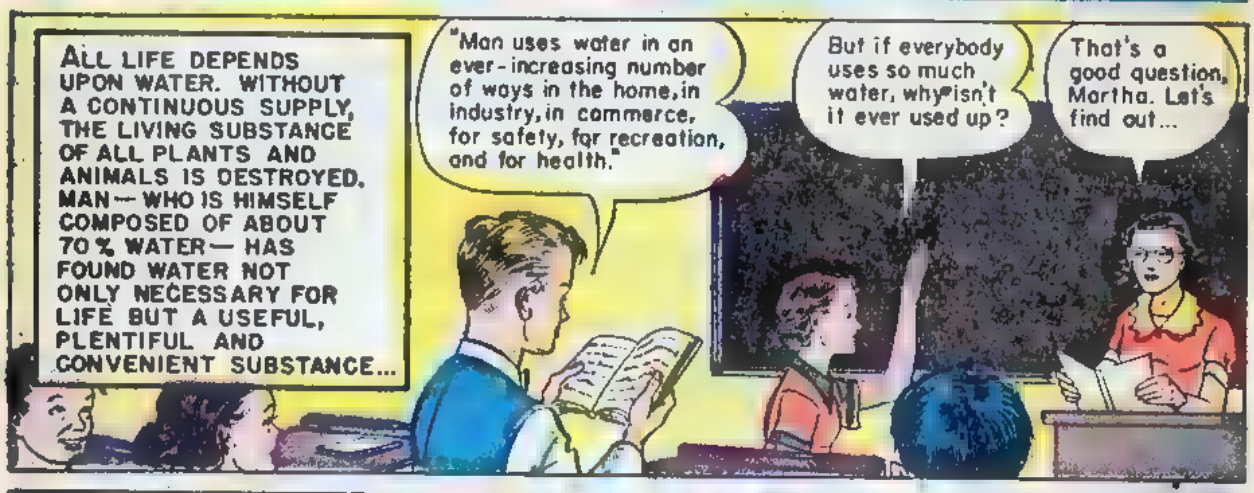
"You're under arrest, young fellow. Don't try to alibi your way out of this, either. You wouldn't have a shotgun, a bird dog, and a decoy duck if you weren't hunting ducks. You'd better come along with me."

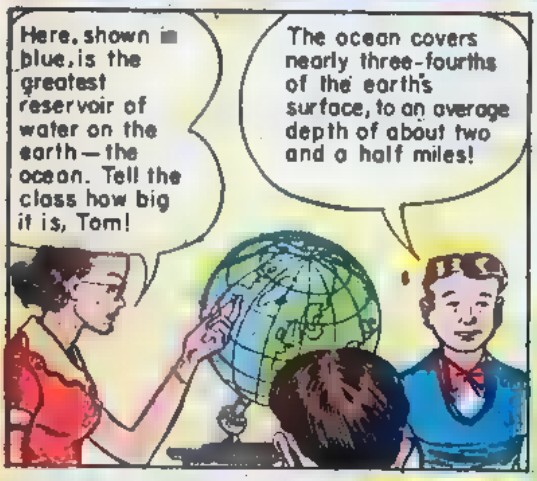
That night, in the jail-house, they served Porky filet of sole for dinner. Not until Porky was bailed out the next morning by his mother, did he discover that his mother had served roast duck for dinner the night before. It seemed that Harpo Hip's mother had given her one of the ducks, and she'd been saving it for a surprise.

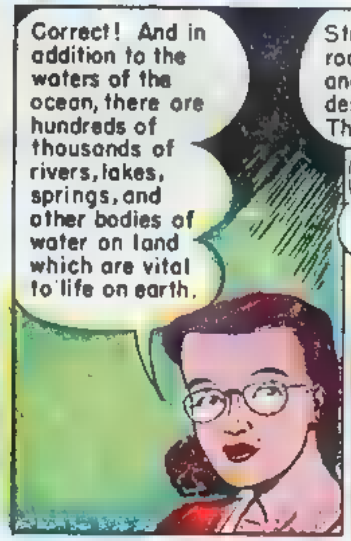
Incidentally, Porky Possum still hates fish.

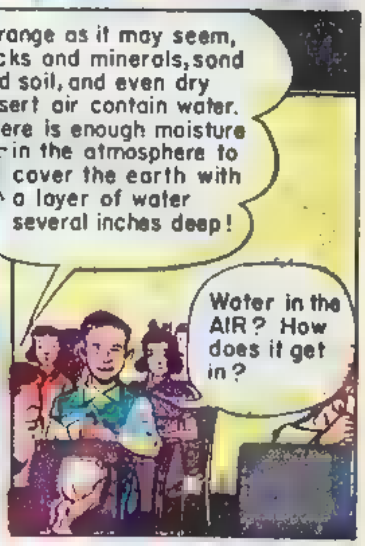
FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

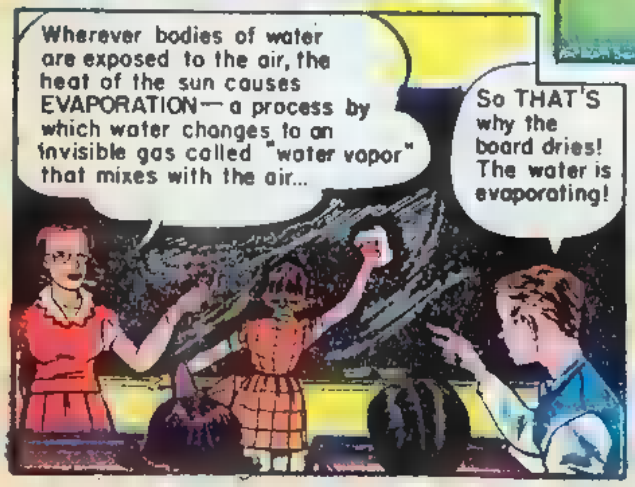
The story of the water cycle

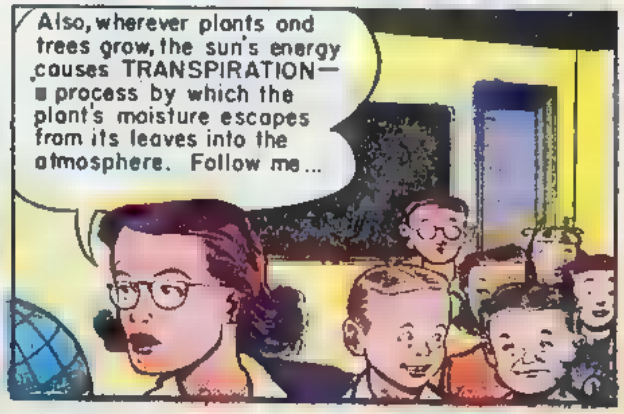












We can demonstrate TRANSPIRATION by covering the plant with a jar and exposing it to the sun.

Why, look at all the water that forms inside the jar!

But how can we tell there is water vapor in the air? We can't SEE it...

I have put some ice in this dry can. The water on the outside of the can came from the air which was chilled by contact with it. When cooled, water vapor changes back into pure water. We call this change "CONDENSATION."

Now watch the effects of CONDENSATION! Look up there... When water vapor in the atmosphere is cooled enough, it condenses into droplets of fresh water which drift together to form clouds.

I know what holds those clouds up— air pressure!

Wow!— it's teeming!

Yes, because when clouds are too full and heavy, these water droplets fall back to the earth as rain. Rain is nature's purest water!

Well, what makes it snow sometimes?

If the air in which CONDENSATION occurs is cold enough, the water returns to earth in the form of snow. Sometimes rain freezes on its journey to the earth, causing sleet, hail or glaze. When moisture comes out of the air in any of these forms, we call it PRECIPITATION...

As rain falls from the clouds or snows melt, part of the water seeps through the soil and is taken in by the roots of plants. The rest runs off in streams that flow back again to the sea. But sooner or later, it will get back in the air as WATER VAPOR!

Thus TRANSPIRATION—EVAPORATION—CONDENSATION and PRECIPITATION are repeated in a never-ending cycle. This movement of water in nature— from the earth to the air to the earth— is called the WATER CYCLE.

And that's why we never use up all the water. We always get it back again from the air!

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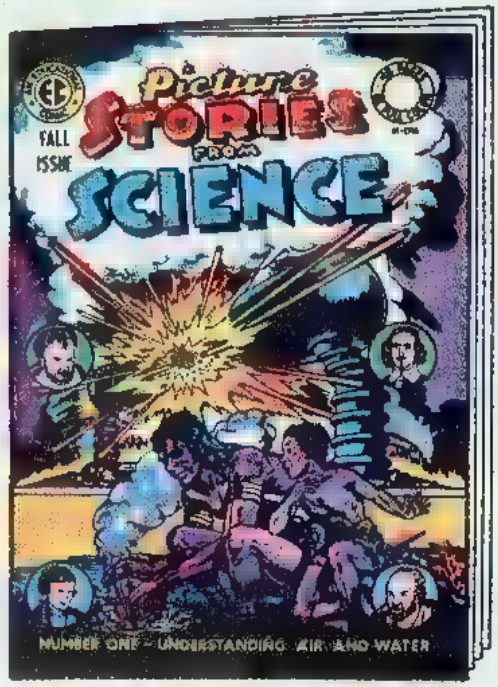

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HECTOR the INSPECTOR

NO DOUBT OF IT! THIS ROBBERY IS THE WORK OF THE WORLD'S CLEVEREST CRIMINAL... THE BRAIN!

NOT A CLUE ANYWHERE!

ELITE

DR. FIXEM

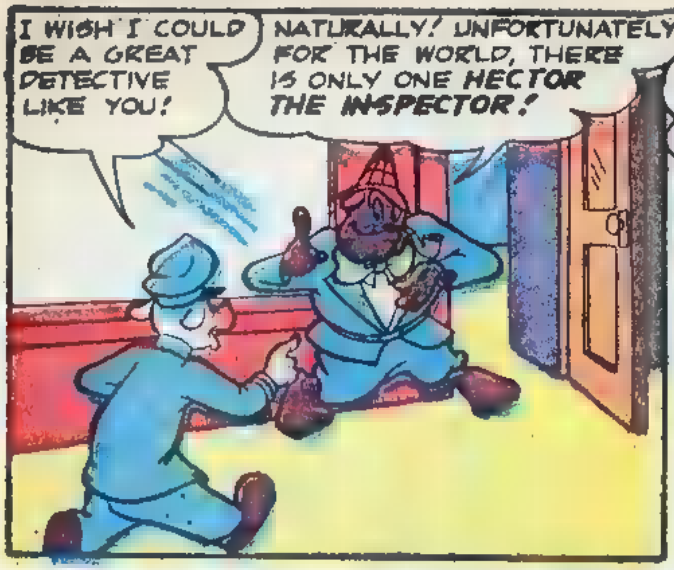
PRECISELY! THE VERY ABSENCE OF CLUES PROVES THIS IS THE BRAIN'S HANDIWORK!

IF HE DOESNT LEAVE ANY CLUES, HOW WILL YOU CATCH HIM?

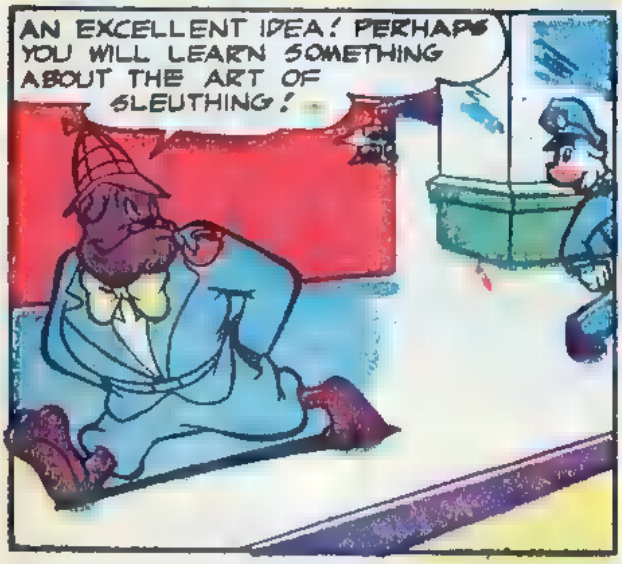
ELITE JEWELRY CO.

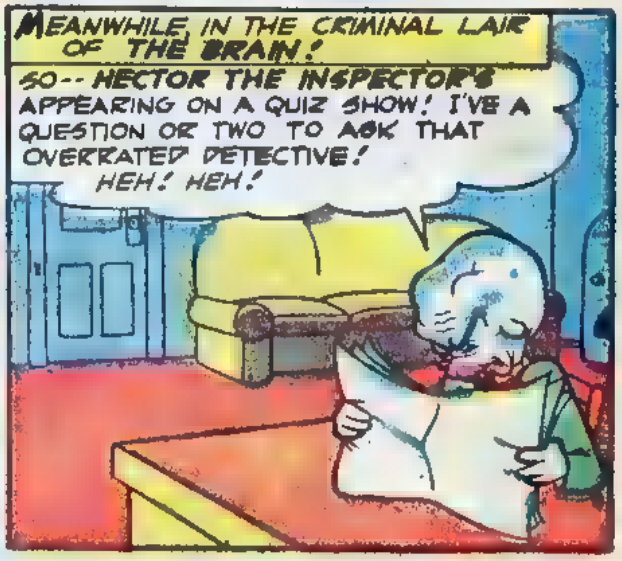
EVERY CRIMINAL HAS A WEAKNESS! NEVER FEAR! HECTOR THE INSPECTOR WILL NOT FAIL!

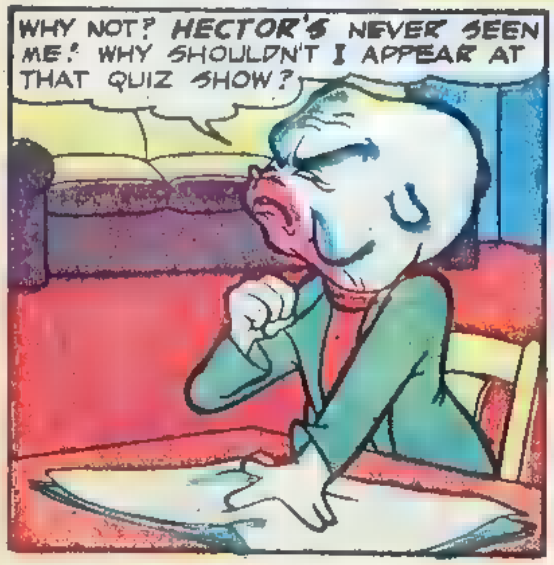
YOU FASCINATE ME!

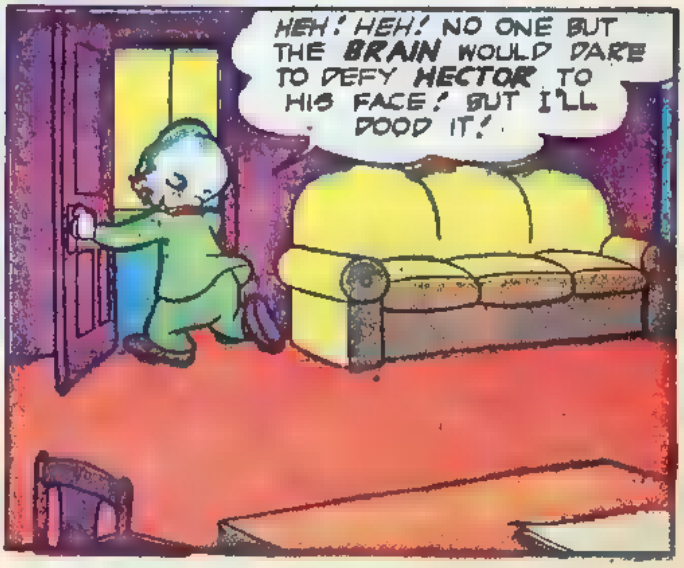

I WISH I COULD BE A GREAT DETECTIVE LIKE YOU!
NATURALLY! UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE WORLD, THERE IS ONLY ONE HECTOR THE INSPECTOR!

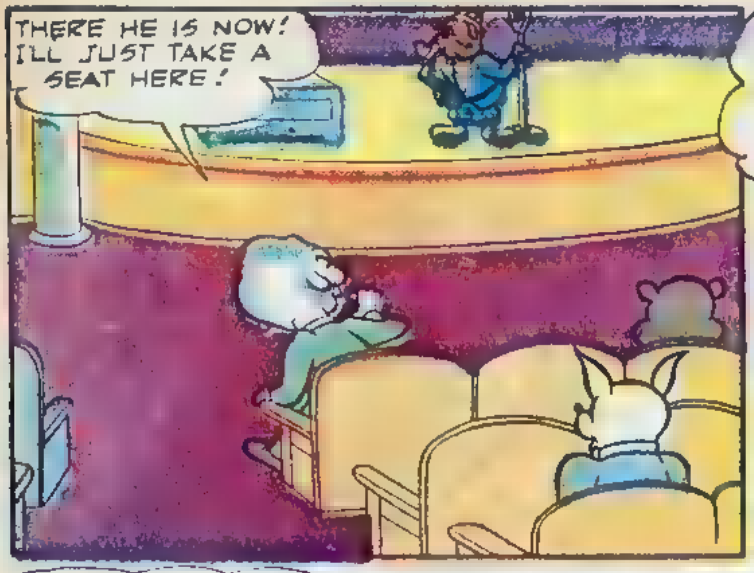
I MUST BE LEAVING NOW! I'M APPEARING AS GUEST STAR ON THE "ANSWER'S PLEASE" RADIO QUIZ SHOW IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!
I'LL BE SURE TO LISTEN IN!

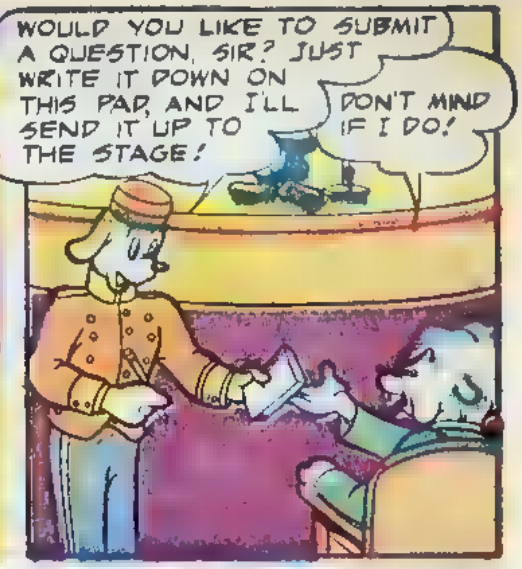

AN EXCELLENT IDEA! PERHAPS YOU WILL LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THE ART OF SLEUTHING!


MEANWHILE, IN THE CRIMINAL LAIR OF THE BRAIN!
SO-- HECTOR THE INSPECTOR'S APPEARING ON A QUIZ SHOW! I'VE A QUESTION OR TWO TO ASK THAT OVERRATED DETECTIVE! HEH! HEH!


WHY NOT? HECTOR'S NEVER SEEN ME! WHY SHOULDN'T I APPEAR AT THAT QUIZ SHOW?


HEH! HEH! NO ONE BUT THE BRAIN WOULD DARE TO DEFY HECTOR TO HIS FACE! BUT I'LL DOOD IT!

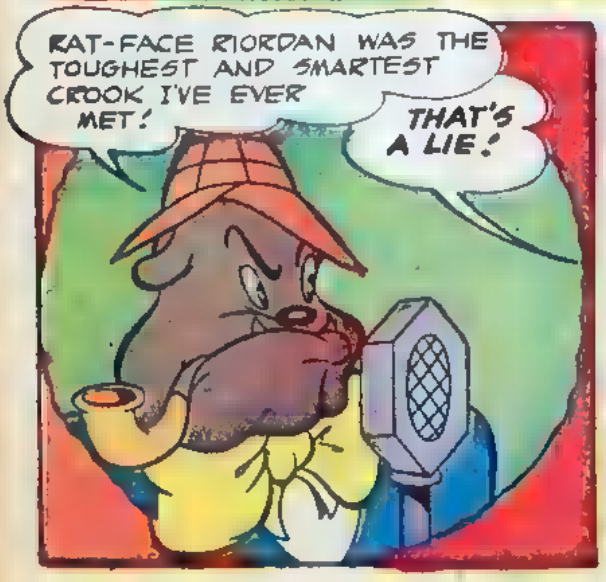

THERE HE IS NOW! I'LL JUST TAKE A SEAT HERE!

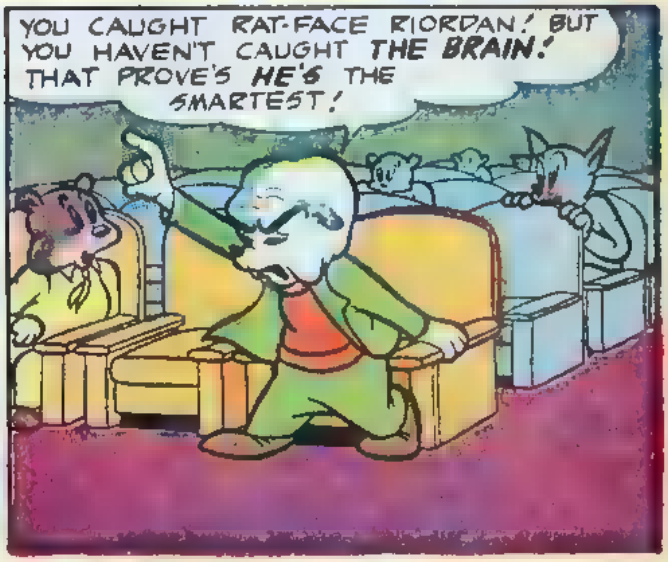

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SUBMIT A QUESTION, SIR? JUST WRITE IT DOWN ON THIS PAD, AND I'LL SEND IT UP TO THE STAGE!
DON'T MIND IF I DO!

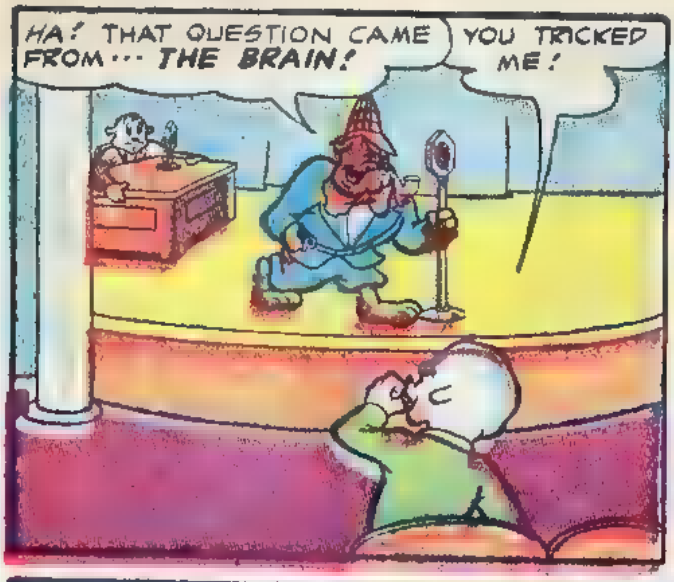
HEH! HEH! I WANT TO HEAR HECTOR ANSWER THIS ONE!

AH! HERE'S ANOTHER QUESTION FOR OUR GUEST STAR, HECTOR THE INSPECTOR!

WHO IS THE CLEVEREST CRIMINAL YOU EVER ENCOUNTERED?
THAT'S AN EASY QUESTION TO ANSWER!

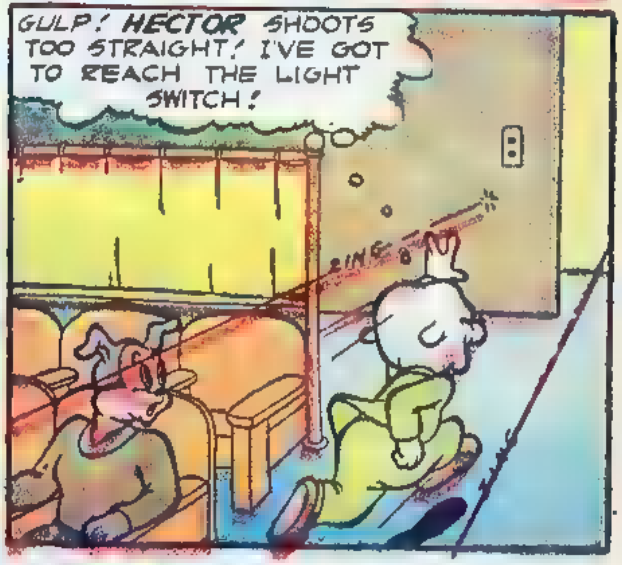

RAT-FACE RIORDAN WAS THE TOUGHEST AND SMARTEST CROOK I'VE EVER MET!
THAT'S A LIE!


YOU CAUGHT RAT-FACE RIORDAN! BUT YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT THE BRAIN! THAT PROVES HE'S THE SMARTEST!


HA! THAT QUESTION CAME FROM ··· THE BRAIN!
YOU TRICKED ME!

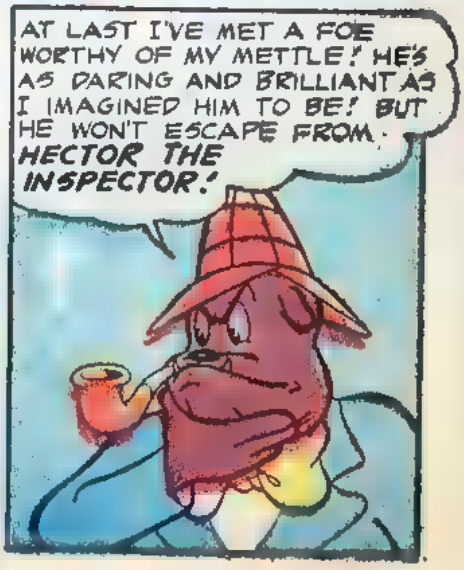
NOT AT ALL! YOU ASKED FOR THE SMARTEST CRIMINAL I'D EVER MET! WELL, UNTIL THIS MOMENT WE NEVER HAD MET···

···SO MY ANSWER WAS LITERALLY CORRECT!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!


GULP! HECTOR SHOOTS TOO STRAIGHT! I'VE GOT TO REACH THE LIGHT SWITCH!
PING

CLICK!

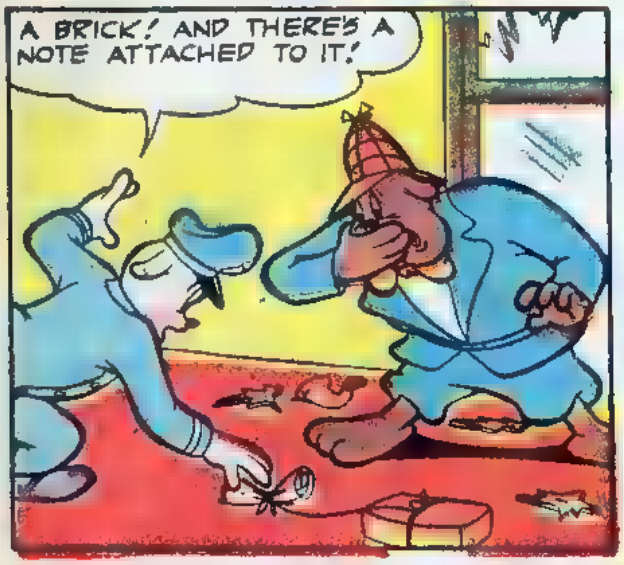
GONE!


AT LAST I'VE MET A FOE WORTHY OF MY METTLE! HE'S AS DARING AND BRILLIANT AS I IMAGINED HIM TO BE! BUT HE WON'T ESCAPE FROM HECTOR THE INSPECTOR!

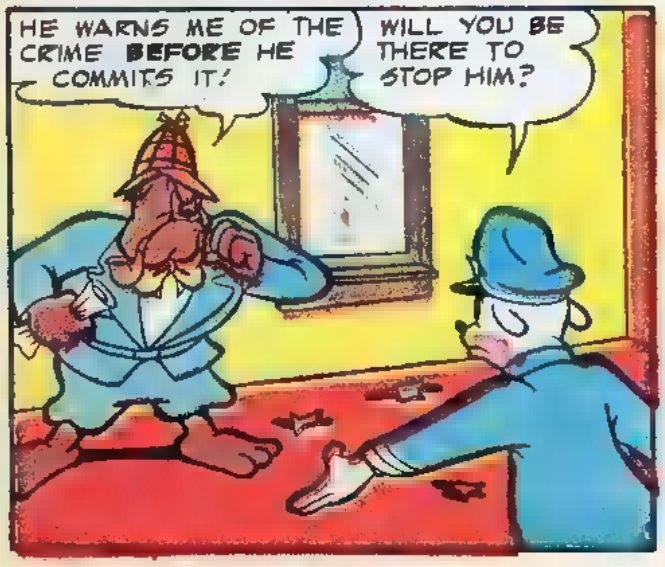
THERE'S BEEN NO WORD OF THE BRAIN SINCE HE ESCAPED! D'YOU SUPPOSE HE'S GONE INTO HIDING?
NOT HE!

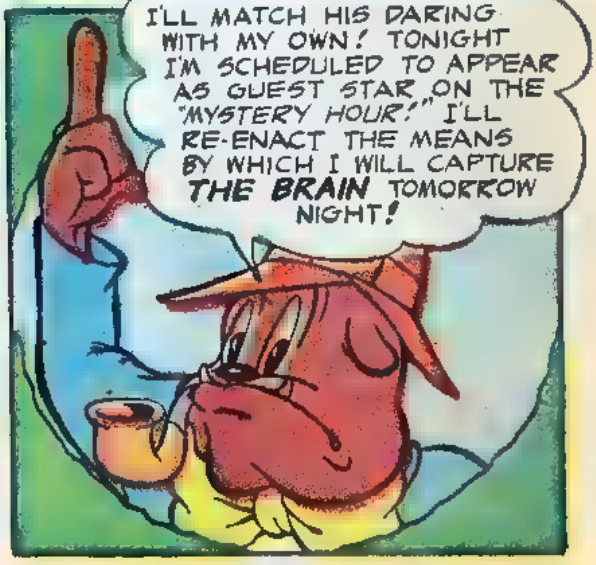
HE'S CONCOCTING SOME OTHER FOUL SCHEME! BUT I INTEND TO STRIKE FIRST AND DEFEAT HIS PLAN...

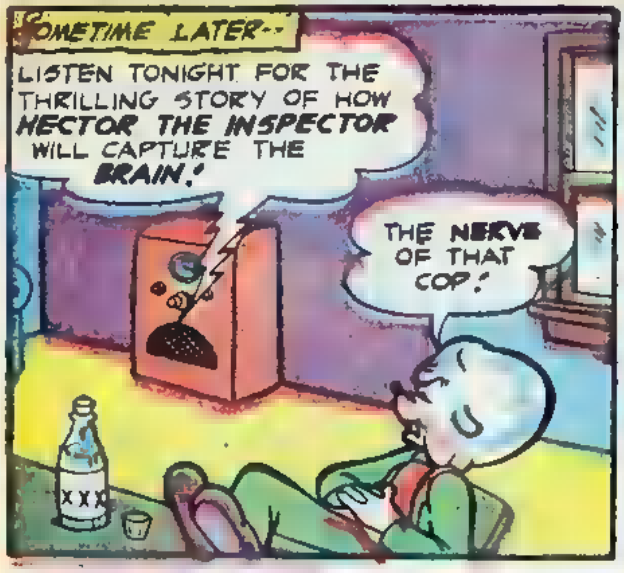
UGH!
CRASH!


A BRICK! AND THERE'S A NOTE ATTACHED TO IT!

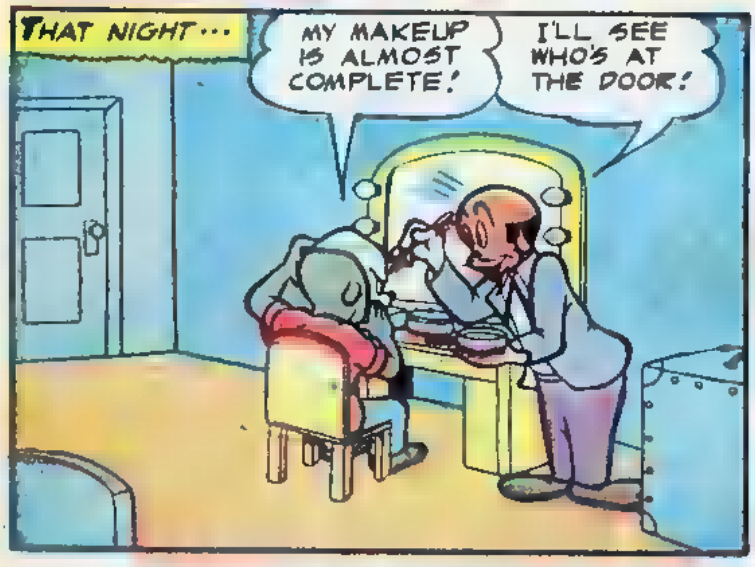
THE IMPUDENCE OF THAT FELLOW!
TOMORROW NIGHT I WILL ROB THE GOLD EXCHANGE BANK.
TRY TO STOP ME.
The Brain

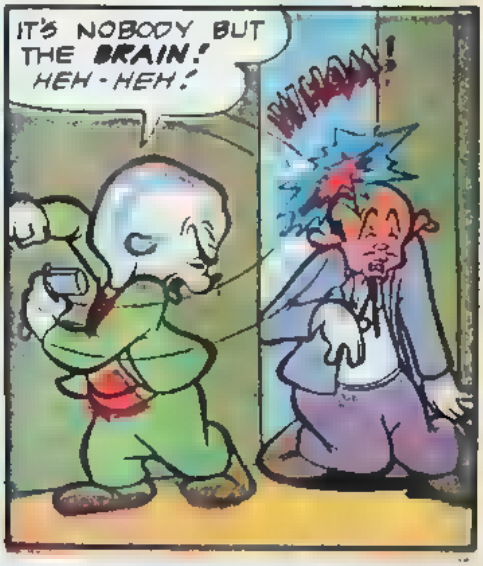

HE WARNS ME OF THE CRIME BEFORE HE COMMITS IT!
WILL YOU BE THERE TO STOP HIM?


I'LL MATCH HIS DARING WITH MY OWN! TONIGHT I'M SCHEDULED TO APPEAR AS GUEST STAR ON THE "MYSTERY HOUR!" I'LL RE-ENACT THE MEANS BY WHICH I WILL CAPTURE THE BRAIN TOMORROW NIGHT!


SOMETIME LATER--
LISTEN TONIGHT FOR THE THRILLING STORY OF HOW HECTOR THE INSPECTOR WILL CAPTURE THE BRAIN!
THE NERVE OF THAT COP!
XXX

THINKS HE CAN CAPTURE ME, EH? I'LL PROVE I'M SMARTER THAN HE IS! AND BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF TEN MILLION LISTENERS!
CLICK

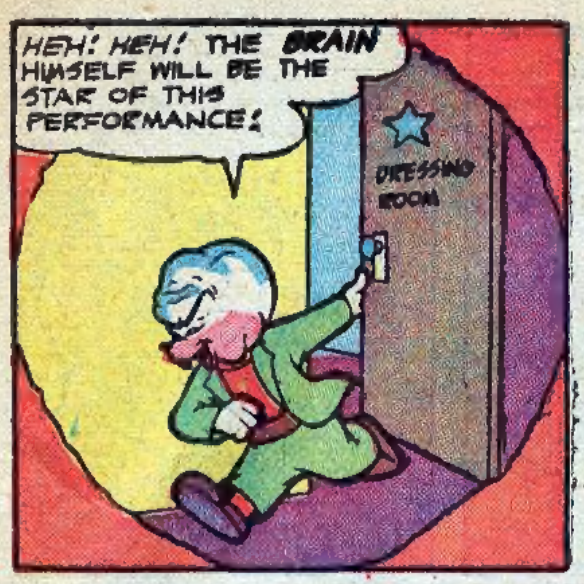

THAT NIGHT...
MY MAKEUP IS ALMOST COMPLETE!
I'LL SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR!


IT'S NOBODY BUT THE BRAIN! HEH-HEH!
WHOMM!

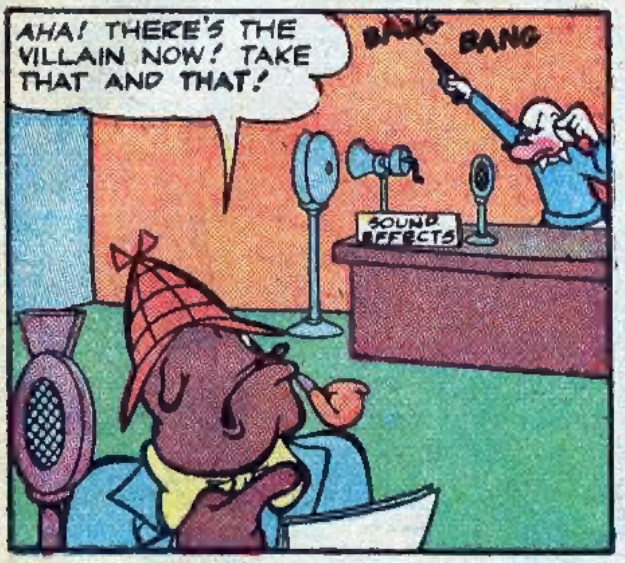
HELP ME WITH THIS COSTUME! THE SHOW STARTS IN A FEW MINUTES!

FOR YOU MY FRIEND, THE SHOW IS OVER!
GLUGG!

THIS POOR FELLOW WAS TO PORTRAY ME! TONIGHT NO ACTOR WILL TAKE MY ROLE!


HEH! HEH! THE BRAIN HIMSELF WILL BE THE STAR OF THIS PERFORMANCE!
DRESSING ROOM

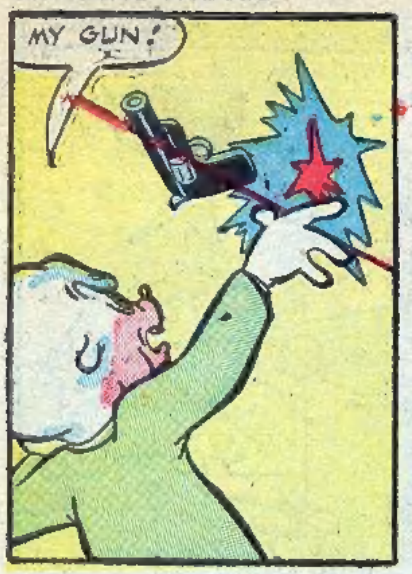
MEANWHILE THE RADIO SHOW GOES ON —
THE BRAIN IS TRAPPED INSIDE THE BANK, HECTOR! WHAT NOW?
I'LL GO AFTER HIM!

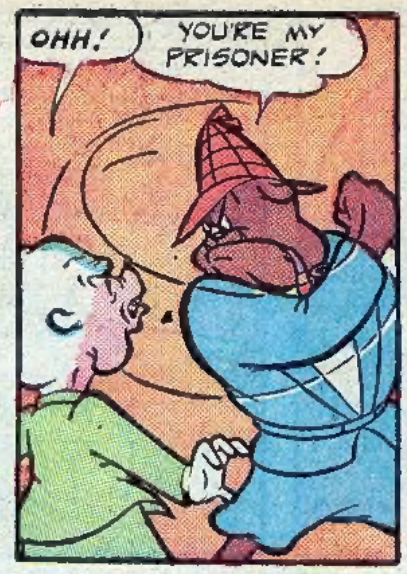

AHA! THERE'S THE VILLAIN NOW! TAKE THAT AND THAT!
BANG BANG
SOUND EFFECTS

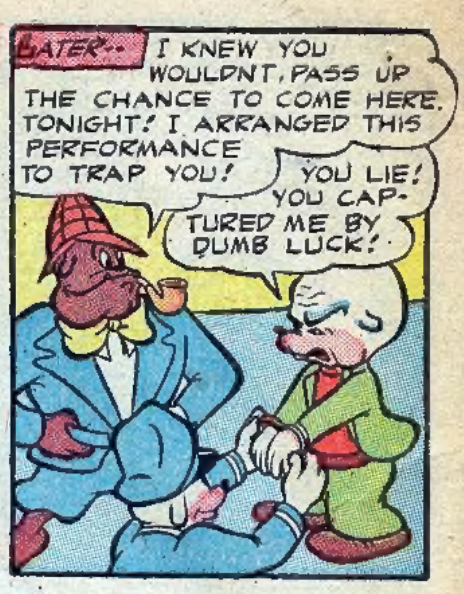
HEH! HEH! YOU DIDN'T KILL ME, HECTOR! NOW YOU DIE!
THIS ISN'T IN THE SCRIPT!

FAREWELL, SLEUTH! THIS GUN ISN'T LOADED WITH BLANKS!
THEN YOU'RE REALLY THE BRAIN ...

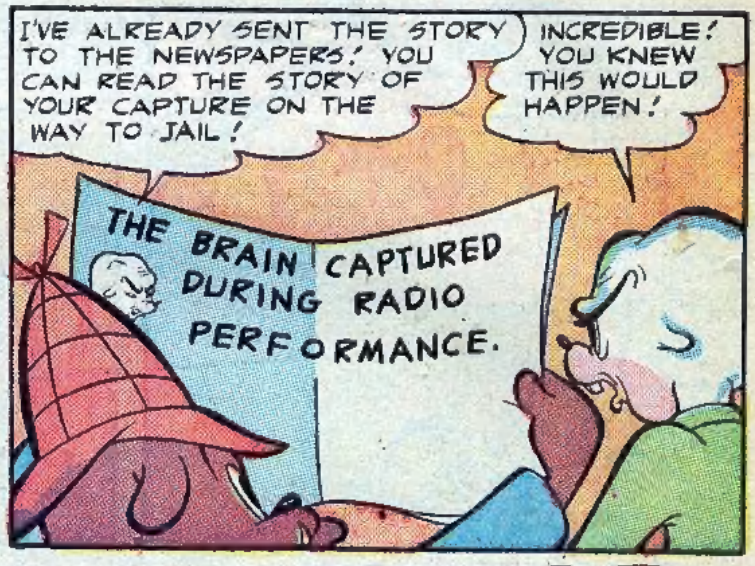
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! I KEPT A LOADED PISTOL HIDDEN BENEATH MY SCRIPT!
BLAM


MY GUN!


OHH!
YOU'RE MY PRISONER!


LATER--
I KNEW YOU WOULDNT PASS UP THE CHANCE TO COME HERE TONIGHT! I ARRANGED THIS PERFORMANCE TO TRAP YOU!
YOU LIE! YOU CAPTURED ME BY DUMB LUCK!

INDEED? HAND ME THE LATEST EDITION OF THE NEWSPAPER!
HERE IT IS!


I'VE ALREADY SENT THE STORY TO THE NEWSPAPERS! YOU CAN READ THE STORY OF YOUR CAPTURE ON THE WAY TO JAIL!
INCREDIBLE! YOU KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN!
THE BRAIN CAPTURED DURING RADIO PERFORMANCE.

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR FELLOW! YOUR OWN DARING WAS YOUR WEAKNESS! YOU TRAPPED YOURSELF BECAUSE OF IT...
BAH! I'M STILL THE WORLD'S SMARTEST CRIMINAL!

WHY ARGUE? NO CRIMINAL IS A MATCH FOR HECTOR THE INSPECTOR!

1732-1799
The Story of YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON
GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS BORN IN THE VIRGINIA COLONY ON FEBRUARY 22, 1732... THE YEAR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN FIRST PUBLISHED "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC."
AT MOUNT VERNON, THE ESTATE OF HIS BROTHER, YOUNG GEORGE LEARNED TO SWIM, FENCE, AND RIDE HIS BROTHER'S SPIRITED HORSES.
ONE DAY...
My daughter and I are admiring your your brother's horsemanship, Lawrence.
Aye! Young George has a way with horses, Lord Halifax. He'll make a good soldier some day.
A FEW YEARS LATER...
George, I'd like you to survey my land in the valleys of the Appalachian Mountains. The French are becoming too interested in it. The job will be hard and dangerous. Do you think you can tackle it?
I'd like to try, Lord Halifax. It sounds exciting!
AND SO, GEORGE BECAME A SURVEYOR, GAINING VALUABLE EXPERIENCE IN THE WILDERNESS...
Let's stow away our equipment and rustle up some game. I could eat a whole deer tonight!
So could I! But I'd rather eat it back in civilization. I'm all worn out keeping my ears open for Indians and Frenchmen.
BUT GEORGE'S CAREER AS A SURVEYOR ENDED ABRUPTLY.
Barbados is just ahead. This warm climate will clear your lungs in no time, Lawrence.
Perhaps, George. But if I die, take good care of my little girl.
LAWRENCE DID NOT LIVE LONG, AND A YEAR LATER ANOTHER TRAGEDY DESCENDED UPON THE MOUNT VERNON HOUSEHOLD.
Is there no hope for my niece, doctor?
No, George. It is a question of minutes. Her heartbeat is almost stilled.
THUS WITH THE TRAGIC DEATHS OF HIS BROTHER AND NIECE, GEORGE WASHINGTON BECAME THE OWNER OF THE RICH PLANTATION OF MT. VERNON, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.
HE WAS NOW READY TO START THE BRILLIANT CAREER THAT EVENTUALLY MADE HIM THE "FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY."

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